THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

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BIOGRAPHY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

HORATIO GATES was a native of England, and was born in seventeen hundred and twenty-eight. Of the place of his birth, the condition of his family, the incidents and prospects of his youth, and his education we are not able to communicate any particulars. There is reason to believe that he entered the army pretty early, and began his career as an ensign or lieutenant, yet, we are told, that he obtained my merit merely, the rank of major, and was aid-du-camp to the British officer, who commanded at the capture of Martinico. At the conclusion of the war in seventeen hundred and forty-eight, he was stationed sometime at Halifax in Nova Scotia. At that period, if the date of his birth be accurate, his age did not exceed twenty years.

He continued in the army, and, probably, in some American garrison during the ensuing seven years of peace. A new war then broke out in Germany, and North America, and Mr. Gates, in quality of captain of foot, attracts our notice in the earliest and most conspicuous scene of that war. He was in the army which accompanied the unfortunate Braddock in the expedition against Fort de Quesne, and, together with the illustrious Washington, was among the few officers, who, on that occasion, escaped with life. He did not escape, however, without a very dangerous wound, which, for a time shut him out from the bloody and perilous scenes of that long and diversified contest. He remained in America to the peace of seventeen hundred and sixty-three, and then returned to his native country with a full-earned reputation, for activity, enterprise, and courage.

At the opening of the American war we find him settled on a farm in Virginia. At what time he laid down the military life, and returned to spend the rest of his days in the new world, we are not informed, but his conduct evinced so perfect an attachment to his new country, and his military reputation was so high, that he was immediately appointed by congress adjutant general, with the rank of brigadier-general, in the new army. General Washington was well acquainted with his merits in his military character, and warmly recommended him to congress on this occasion. They had been fellow-soldiers and sufferers under Braddock.

From this period, he took a very active part in most of the transactions of the war, and his abilities and good fortune placed him in a rank inferior only to Washington, and above any other general. He accompanied the commander in chief to Massachusetts, in July, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, and was employed, for sometime, in a subordinate, but highly useful capacity.

The most vulnerable part of the new states, lay in the north. The large territory still in the hands of the British government, in that quarter, whose frontier was well provided with fortresses and garrisons, enabled them to annoy or invade the revolted provinces, on this side, with peculiar advantages. The congress had, therefore, turned an anxious eye towards Canada at the opening of the contest. Being deeply aware of the danger which hovered over them, on this side, they made strenuous exertions to raise up new enemies in Canada by their emissaries and manifestoes, and to gain possession of the strong and important forts upon the lakes and rivers of that frontier by force, or by surprise.

Their arguments and agents were not likely to meet with any success among a people purely French, and whose only grievance was their separation from their mother country. Their enterprises against the posts upon the lakes were more successful. Crownpoint, Ticonderoga, St. John's and Montreal were conquered by celerity and valor, and a formal invasion of Canada attempted, even in the first year of the war, and when a British army was in possession of the principal colonial towns. This enterprise was unsuccessful. The British were soon qualified, by reenforcements, to act offensively, and to advance against the frontier forts recently acquired by the colonial army. Further operations were suspended on that side till a formidable army might be transported from Europe, adequate not only to defence but invasion.

It was a remarkable proof of the confidence reposed in Gates by the new government, that, on the retreat of their forces from Canada, the chief command in this quarter was conferred upon him. This ap-

pointment took place in June seventeen hundred and seventy-six, and the new general was found nowise deficient in the courage and vigilance, rendered peculiarly necessary by a declining and unprosperous cause.

It was unfortunate that the rivalship, and clashing pretensions of the American officers should add to the natural difficulties of their situation. General Schuyler, a most useful and meritorious officer, had hitherto superintended the forts, and garrisons within the limits usually assigned to New-York. As there was now no American troops in Canada, general Gates's command either superseded that of Schuyler, or was quite nugatory. Thence arose bickering and contention. Schuyler, whose merits and services were very great, and generally acknowledged, was degraded by the new appointment to a subordinate station, when he deemed himself rather entitled to additional dignities. He made vehement complaints to congress, and prepared, unless his injuries were properly redressed, to relinquish the service altogether: an alternative by which the common cause would have suffered very heavily.

Congress were unwilling to cancel their commission to Gates, and at the same time were fully sensible of the loss they should incur by the resignation of Schuyler. They laboured, therefore, with much pains to reconcile their adverse pretensions, and by leaving the two officers with jurisdictions in some degree independent of each other, they succeeded imperfectly, in satisfying both. Great credit is due to both these eminent persons, and, especially, candor requires us to say, to general Schuyler, for acquiescing in terms, by which their country continued to be benefited by their services.

From projects of conquests in Canada, the American government had been compelled to give their whole attention to schemes of defence. The communications between Canada and the maritime and Hudson country was chiefly maintained by a chain of lakes and rivers. The intermediate land was overspread with forest and marsh, and nearly impracticable to the ponderous accompaniments, in artillery, ammunition and baggage, of a modern army. The command of the lakes and rivers, therefore, was absolutely necessary, and quite sufficient to repel an invasion. This could only be obtained or held by means of a naval armament, and to provide and equip this was the peculiar province of Schuyler, while Gates was called upon to cooperate in this service to the utmost of his power.

The British commenced the naval preparations on their side with great alacrity and success. But the Americans had every obstacle but the want of zeal, to encounter in preparing for defence. General Gates cooperated cordially with Schuyler, but there was a miserable

and irreparable deficiency in cannon, in the materials of ship building, and even in the necessary workmen. The country had been hitherto a desert. Colonization in its natural progress had not approached these solitary shores. Nothing but the exigencies of the former war with France had occasioned this region to be traversed or inhabited. A few forts, with suitable garrisons, were all that could be found in it, and that abundance of workmen, vessels, and prepared timber which a well planted country would have spontaneously furnished, was unknown. Schuyler, indeed, was not destitute of a naval armament, but it was insufficient to cope with the greater preparations of the enemy. With all the exertions of the two commanders, they were merely able to equip about fifteen vessels, half of which were little better than boats, and the largest carried only twelve small guns very ill supplied with ammunition.

The wisdom and discernment of general Gates were shown by the recommendation of the intrepid, and as yet unsuspected Arnold, to the command of this little armament. The first operations of the campaign consisted in a contest between these vessels under Arnold, and a much superior force under Carleton, in which the land forces had no concern.

On the land side, the great drama opened very inauspiciously. The American commander instead of waiting at Crownpoint, for the assault of the enemy, abandoned that place, before he was summoned to do so by an hostile army. The Americans had a more formidable enemy to encounter, in the small-pox than in British soldiers. This and other sicknesses made such havoc among them, not only during the expedition to Canada, but after their retreat to Crownpoint, that general Gates thought it eligible to evacuate that fortress of his own accord, and concentrate his army at Ticonderoga. For this purpose he was even obliged to countermand the advance of large reenforcements.

Such voluntary retreats are always extremely perilous to the reputation of a general. The congress had entertained hopes of advancing and of conquering by means of this army. This retreat surrendered to the British without an effort, the whole important navigation of Lake Champlain. General Washington, after a full statement of the motives of the measure warmly disapproved it; all the field officers in like manner, loudly condemned it. The commander had only to plead the opinion of a council of officers, his own superior opportunity of knowing the actual state of his affairs, and ancient proofs of his patriotism and military skill. Whatever sentence has been passed on the wisdom of this measure, we have never heard that any imputation rested on the fidelity of the general.

Gates and Schuyler with eight thousand men well provisioned, determined to defend Ticonderoga to the last extremity. All the efforts of Arnold merely served to delay without being able to prevent the approach of Carleton with a formidable army to this post, and all parties naturally expected to witness a long, obstinate, and bloody siege. Some causes, not well understood, though the lateness of the season must be doubtless numbered among them, induced Carleton to disappoint these expectations, by leaving the fortress unmolested, and retiring in search of winter quarters into Canada. In a mere wilderness, where all the waters are frozen for five or six months in the year, this was absolutely necessary. This retreat enabled general Gates to march southward with a considerable detachment of his army to assist general Washington in his operations in the middle colonies.

The ensuing year was passed in a great variety of movements and skirmishes in the lower districts of New-York, Pennsylvania and Jersey, between the principal commanders. In the ordinary records of the time, we meet with no splendid or conspicuous part performed by the subject of this narrative, though there is sufficient reason to believe that his services in that motley warfare were active, strenuous, and useful. We may suspect that the evacuation of Crownpoint did not operate on the public feelings to his advantage, in a new scene, especially as Schuyler his great competitor, condemned that expedient. That general continued on the northern waters, anxiously employed in preparing against a formidable invasion of the enemy, designed to take place on the next summer, while the garrisons, in the absence of Gates, were superintended by general Wayne.

We need not dwell on the difficulties under which the new states laboured in the forming of an army sufficient to resist the shock of the veterans of Britain. They issued decrees, directed levies, organized regiments, and ascertained numbers, pay and equipments. All this was easy, but the deficiency of the public funds on the one side, and of public spirit on the other, rendered these solemn arrangements quite nugatory. The absolute uncertainty whether in the next campaign, the British would attempt to penetrate to New-York by the lakes and the river Hudson, or by a coasting voyage from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, with the greater probability that attended the latter scheme contributed to dissipate and enfeeble the exertions, which the states, with fixed views, and a traced path before them, would have been qualified to make.

There is some obscurity in this period of the life of general Gates. In the spring of seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, he was appointed with Schuyler, for a subordinate, to the chief command on the northern frontier. In May of the same year, he was superseded

by Schuyler, nor was it, until after Burgoyne with his well appointed legions had reached Ticonderoga, that he resumed the command. This place, commanded by Sinclair, was evacuated without a siege on the fifth of July. The retreating army under Sinclair, was hotly pursued, overtaken, and defeated. Fort Ann and Skeensborough were occupied by the enemy, and all attempts to check his further progress appeared wholly desperate.

At this crisis a small delay in the advance of Burgoyne from Skeensborough, rendered necessary by the natural difficulties of the country, was diligently employed by general Schuyler. That meritorious officer contrived to raise the most formidable impediments to the further progress of Burgoyne, by breaking down the bridges, obstructing the navigation of Wood-creek, choking up the roads or rather pathways through the forest, by felled trees, and by driving off all the cattle of the neighbouring country. These obstructions were so formidable that Burgoyne did not arrive at Fort Edward on the upper branches of the Hudson, till twenty-five days after his pause at Skeensborough. Here, a painful, unseasonable, and dangerous pause, was again necessary, in order to procure provisions from the posts in the rear, and to collect the boats and other vessels necessary for the navigation of the Hudson.

The progress of Burgoyne was arrested at the very point where it should seem all obstacles of any moment were fully surmounted. He had reached the Hudson, by a most painful and laborious march through the forest, and a detachment of his army under St. Leger, who had been directed to approach the Hudson by another road, had nearly effected this purpose. St. Leger had gained a battle, and was now besieging Fort Schuyler, the surrender of which was necessary to the further cooperation of the British generals, and was confidently anticipated. The tide of events, however, now suddenly took a new direction.

Fort Schuyler refused to surrender, and the assaults of the besiegers made very little impression on the works. The Indians who composed a large part of St. Leger's army, began to display their usual fickleness and treachery, and after many efforts made by the British general to detain them, finally resolved to withdraw. This created an absolute necessity for raising the siege, which was done with great precipitation, and with the loss of all their camp equipage and stores.

On the other side, the strenuous exertions of Schuyler had deprived Burgoyne of all those resources which the neighbouring country might have afforded him. After a fortnight's labour he had been able to collect only twelve boats, and five day's provisions for his army. An

attempt to obtain possession of a depository of provisions at Bennington, had failed, and two detachments, sent on that service had been defeated. The militia of the eastern and lower country were rapidly collecting, and threatened to raise obstacles still more formidable than those of nature.

Schuyler was extremely unfortunate. A peculiar malignity seemed to cleave to his fate. With zeal, enterprise, and diligence, surpassing that of most others engaged in the service, he was doomed to labour under the suspicion of negligence or treachery. As Gates had suffered in the public opinion, by the evacuation of Crownpoint, Schuyler and St. Clair had incurred still greater odium by their hasty flight from Ticonderoga. This odium, even when removed from the minds of the rulers of the state, was not to be banished from the feelings of the people, and made it necessary to assign the management of this war to other hands. Gates was appointed to succeed Schuyler, and arrived at the scene of action on the twenty-first of August.

It was fortunate for general Gates that the retreat from Ticonderoga had been conducted under other auspices than his, and that he took the command when the indefatigable but unrequited labours of Schuyler, and the courage of Starke and his mountaineers had already insured the ultimate defeat of Burgoyne. The very obstinacy of Burgoyne, who, notwithstanding his unfavourable prospects, would not think of saving his army by a timely retreat, was highly propitious to the new American commander.

After collecting thirty days' provision Burgoyne passed the Hudson, and encamped at Saratoga. Gates, with numbers already equal, and continually augmenting, began to advance towards him with a resolution to oppose his progress at the risk of a battle. He encamped at Stillwater, and Burgoyne hastened forward to open the way with his sword. On the seventeenth of September the two armies were within four miles of each other. Two days after, skirmishes between advanced parties terminated in an engagement almost general, in which the utmost efforts of the British merely enabled them to main- the footing of the preceding day.

Burgoyne, unassisted by the British forces under Clinton at New-York, found himself unable to pursue his march down the river, and in the hope of this assistance, was content to remain in his camp, and stand on the defensive. His army was likewise diminished by the desertion of the Indians and the Canadian militia, to less than one half of its original number. Gates finding his forces largely increasing, being plentifully supplied with provisions, and knowing that Burgoyne had only a limited store, which was rapidly lessening, and could not be recruited, was not without hopes that victory would come, in time,

even without a battle. His troops were so numerous, and his fortified position so strong, that he was able to take measures for preventing the retreat of the enemy, by occupying the strong posts in his rear. Accordingly nineteen days passed without any further operations, a delay as ruinous to one party, as it was advantageous to the other. At the end of this period, the British general found his prospects of assistance as remote as ever, and the consumption of his stores so alarming, that retreat or victory became unavoidable alternatives.

On the eighth of October a warm action ensued, in which the British were every where repulsed, and a part of their lines occupied by their enemies. Burgoyne's loss was very considerable in killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the favourable situation of Gates's army made its losses in the battle of no moment. Burgoyne retired in the night to a stronger camp, but the measures immediately taken by Gates, to cut off his retreat, compelled him without delay to regain his former camp at Saratoga. There he arrived with little molestation from his adversary. His provisions being now reduced to the supply of a few days, the transport of artillery and baggage towards Canada being rendered impracticable by the judicious measures of his adversary, the British general resolved upon a rapid retreat, merely with what the soldiers could carry on their backs.

On a careful scrutiny, however, it was found that they were deprived even of this resource, as the passes through which their route lay, were so strongly guarded, that nothing but artillery could clear them. In this desperate situation a parley took place, and on the sixteenth of October the whole army surrendered to Gates. The prize obtained consisted of more than five thousand prisoners, some fine artillery, seven thousand muskets, clothing for seven thousand men, with a great quantity of tents, and other military stores. All the frontier fortresses were immediately abandoned to the victors.

It is not easy to overrate the importance of this success. It may be considered as deciding the war of the revolution, as from that period the British cause began rapidly to decline. The capture of Cornwallis was hardly of equal importance to that of Burgoyne, and was in itself an event of much less splendor, and productive of less exultation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MAN CONSTITUTIONALLY MORAL.

(*Concluded from page* 307.)

SUCH is the tendency of our emotions to associate, to blend, to link themselves with all that surrounds us, particularly when we are happy, that in it lies the *principal cause of our attachments*. They spring from ourselves infinitely more than from the nature of the object which awakens them.

During long confinement a man becomes attached to his fellow prisoners, if he has any; to the mouse that feeds with him, to the spider, to the bare walls, if he has nothing else; and all this the more the warmer his feelings and the more agreeable the train of ideas which float habitually through his mind. It is his own soul which dignifies ennobles, animates, appropriates, endears whatever exists habitually with him.

Thus every one who is happy likes his own home. Thus old people regret the times when they were young, because their pleasurable sensations had become associated with objects which exist no longer. Those before them do not awaken these sensations. They do not interest. Thus whatever is fashionable appears handsome; and the ugly females on the northwest coast of America would have less cause to be jealous of the charms of a Circassian woman than of those of their own companions. How can it be otherwise? What pleasurable emotions their lovers ever felt, have become associated with their own hideous forms.

Nothing is absolutely ugly. Man is so constituted that he may be happy whenever he happens to grow up—provided he is healthy and at peace with himself.

For the same reason jealousy is the natural companion of affection. We often feel more correctly than we think; we are sensible that chastity is the principal support of attachment, without being able clearly to account for it to ourselves. The charms of a wedded beauty are not less attractive for having been yielded to another, yet the pangs, the regrets of the husband are just. Before this event he was himself her god. In him centered, with him originated, what she had felt and known most exquisite and delightful. The breach of duty breaks the spell. She learns to distinguish between the individual and the man; between pleasure itself and its ministers. The new connexion introduces new associations; and with the *old* the *habitual* associations, the glory of her first idol must vanish.

There is therefore much good sense in the practice which used to prevail, and perhaps still prevails in some parts of Switzerland. If a married couple wished to be divorced no objection was made to their intention, but they were obliged previously to submit to close confinement in a small room during two weeks. While thus confined, they were only allowed one table, one chair, one plate, one knife and fork, one spoon, one tumbler, one bed, and that narrow, in order to make them dependent for comfort on amicable arrangements between themselves. If after the termination of the mentioned period they still persisted on being separated, they were divorced without further difficulty; but it generally happened that they agreed to continue to live together. New associations were formed during the confinement.

If then, as appears from the instances given, and which might be multiplied without end, our feelings and emotions become associated, not only with ideas, but generally with all the circumstances which habitually accompany them, and if sympathy is nothing else but the excitement of such feelings and emotions by the witnessed or released affections of others, through the medium of impressions on our senses, and ideas, it will follow that a strong and energetic sympathy requires

1, A quick and accurate conception.

2, A nervous system easily excited.

3, Habits of life which have been favourable to what may be called the natural and uncorrupted—the standard association between ideas and emotions.

4, A favourable situation at the moment when the impressions are received.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on these several points. Where conception is dull and heavy no correct ideas can be formed; and these ideas, the causes of emotion in ourselves, consequently operate but feebly; and a feeble effect will be the result.

Where the conceptions are correct and just, but the sensibility of the nervous system is deficient—a combination not very common—the emotions produced by the thoughts will be weak, and no action will follow from want of sufficient inducement.

If bad habits of life, or other unusual circumstances, have prevented the due combination of thoughts and feelings; if, instead of the correct associations, which constitute the *healthy mind*, corrupt associations have been formed—a deficiency of sympathy must be the consequence.

Finally, if all other requisites exist but the situation of the individual, at the moment he is operated upon, is such as to interrupt the *regular play* of his intellectual faculties—no proportionable reaction, which is symyathy, can follow.

If to these observations we add, that the efforts to resist and shorten painful, to invite and prolong pleasurable sensations, constitute the prime motive of all voluntary action, and the law of animal nature to which the philosopher and the clown, the christian and the unbeliever, are equally subject; and if we then examine the reasoning of Mr. *Analyticus*, brought forward to prove that the theory of *Adam Smith* does not bear him out, we shall easily discover that, so far from having a tendency to invalidate that theory, it, on the contrary, serves to confirm it.

If sympathy, says *Analyticus*, depended on fancy and susceptibility of pain and pleasure, we should not see so frequently that persons possessed of both are deficient in it.

But, if the individual possessed of both and deficient in sympathy, was born, for instance, the son of a jailer, and is employed by his father from his infancy to aid him in the execution of his official duties—what will be the result of being brought up in this manner? The law of animal nature just mentioned, will have impelled him to resist the pains of sympathy, by calling forth and gradually acquiring a different train of associations when seeing the prisoners and their sufferings—such as, "they deserve no better," "it is their own fault," "it is good for them"—associations which will finally destroy all sympathy, at least with regard to the unhappy people constantly before him.

With regard to the description of *poets*, to which *Analyticus* alludes, or *philosophers* of the visionary cast, however so well organized, they *may* be deficient in sympathy, because they can hardly be considered as living among their fellow beings. They enter not into their concerns. The ordinary mortals of the day appear to them undeserving of attention. Their thoughts, their associations, their feelings lie perhaps in Greece or Rome; are engaged and linked with times and events long passed, or still to come. Or else they dwell among the stars, or arrange imaginary republics. They have habitually steeled their feelings against being affected by sublunary occurrences, unless indeed their own individuality happens to be immediately interested.

The constant spectators of distress, particularly of distress beyond their power of relieving, such as overseers of the poor in Europe, could not possibly endure their situation long if they found not the means of counteracting and weakening their feelings of sympathy by new associations—a measure into which they are driven by the impulse of self protection against pain. Constantly to contrast their own situation with the situation of those whom they see wretched, to learn to see in their misery only a cause of self-gratulation is one of these expedients.

Thus it often happens that sympathy is extinct with regard to some subjects, while it remains perfectly alive with regard to others.

No surgeon would be adequate to the duties of his profession, if his associations of ideas and feelings in using the surgical knife were the same as those of the bystanders. In his mind the severing blade of the instrument, and the useful purpose for which it is employed, have become so intimately blended as to be inseparable. He sees in the cancer he is about to eradicate only the enemy to be subdued; the groans of the patient to him are only the symptoms that he is at last at issue with him; to operate is not with him a painful task, but, like the business of battle to the warrior, an amusement. The writer of these remarks has himself known an eminent surgeon in Paris, who, in all unprofessional concerns, was distinguished as a man of tender sensibility, and yet, being at the head of a hospital, would daily cut and dig in human flesh with the same unconcern as he could have done in a leg of mutton.

It happened on the continent of Europe, in a town where the sashes of windows open to the outside like folding doors, that a fond mother, who had an only son about four years old, returned on a morning from a visit to a friend. She flew up to the study of her husband in the second story. The little boy, playing about in the room while his father was writing, had got up into the window, which had not been properly fastened, and was leaning against it. The motion he made when his mother entered the door, aided by the current of air, pushed and opened the window. Falling back he struggled for a moment to recover his balance. The mother, screaming sprung towards him, but missed her grasp, and the idol of her heart, blooming and healthy an instant before, lay dead and crushed on the pavement!

Is there an American mother whose bosom will not feel a pang when reading this anecdote? but if it had been told to one of those wretched females of Pekin, who consider children only as inconveniences to be got rid of, and are in the habit of throwing their infants into the river, or, what is worse, into the streets to be devoured by dogs, in order to prevent them from dying with hunger—how would she have been affected? She would have heard the story with indifference, and perhaps would have thought, the mother had been easily relieved of her burden!

The circumstance that the multitude is attracted by the spectacle of public executions, which is also stated by *Analyticus* as a proof of the incorrectness of the ideas of Adam Smith, does not absolutely imply a want of sympathy. Those most active to this affection are not on that account averse to tragedy. The explanation of this phe-

nomenon lies in this, that of the various kinds of unpleasant existence the state of languor, arising from the want of excitement (*ennui*) is one of the most irksome, most insupportable. Our nature tells us, that even to suffer transitory painful emotions, and to be stimulated by them, is more agreeable than to exist in apathy. Even painful agitation is less obnoxious than perfect rest. Our mental, like our physical constitution, demands excitement, pleasurable, if it can be had, but even that of pain rather than apathy, for apathy is mental death, as want of motion is death of the physical system.

Sometimes then the absence of sympathy, when, according to Analyticus, it should show itself if Adam Smith were right, may be accounted for from the peculiar associations of the individual, arising from his education, habits, and other circumstances. At other times the absence is not real, since it has appeared that we often court painful agitation to get rid of a more painful calm. It still remains to say a few words in explanation of the case when sympathy, though strongly called for, remains deficient on account of the unfavourable situation of the individual at the moment when the impressions are received.

The excitement of sympathy, though certainly owing to the association of certain emotions with certain ideas, requires, like any other result or effect, a favourable condition, suitable circumstances, or else, though the cause may exist, the effect will not follow. No just conclusion can therefore be drawn in this case from the inconsistency of that effect against the insufficiency or irrevalence of the cause assigned.

I mentioned, above, the pleasure I felt when witnessing on the wharf, the joyous meeting of long separated friends at the return of a vessel from the East Indies. If the same scene had fallen under my observation half an hour before the closing of the bank, when a note I had to take up remained, in consequence of some disappointment, unprovided for—would it have produced the same effect?—certainly not. The emotions of uneasiness and apprehension already excited would have excluded or weakened every other. The scene would have conveyed nothing to my mind except perhaps, the idea that in the merchant whose vessel had just arrived, I might find a person disposed to relieve me from trouble.

In the same manner the man in anger, while inflicting chastisement on another, feels no sympathy for his pains, because the previous irritation of his system counteracts that emotion. Thus fanaticism, religious or political, steels the heart against emotions of compassion and too frequently causes even the generous and good to sully their lives by acts of cruelty. And thus it happens that regret, which springs from sympathy, never restrains us from acts of violence and

passion, but is felt only when the stronger irritation, which prompted us, has subsided.

It seems obvious then that the degree of sympathy felt, when seeing others affected, depends on quickness and accuracy of conception, on a due share of sensibility, on the nature and strength of the associations previously formed, and on the absence of any other strong excitement, at the moment when impressions are received.

We can therefore not be surprised when we sometimes find that the painful or joyful emotions of sympathy are stronger than the actual feelings of the person affected who causes them; for these feelings likewise depend on the susceptibility of the person, which is again determined by irritability, the state of previous associations, the absence of previous excitement, &c.

One of the ladies of Philadelphia would not, perhaps, for a week recover from the shock she would receive on seeing a slave chastised after the West India manner, when the slave himself will forget it in a few hours.

When the Indian smiles under tortures it is because the pleasurable emotion associated with the idea of acquiring glory by showing indifference obliterates, nay, destroys in him, the susceptibility of pain.

All those who act from principle, as it is called, are enabled to do so in consequence of so firm an association in them of pleasurable emotions with the ideas of what is virtuous and dignified, as not to feel the sacrifices a conduct of strict principle may require. The pleasure on the one hand overbalances the pain on the other; and it is because they have been made susceptible of that pleasure, that they must so act.

Religion promotes virtue, because it increases the number of pleasurable emotions associated with its practice, by extending their sphere beyond our present existence. Its essential business is therefore with the *feelings*, and those understood little of human nature who pretended to purify by devesting it of what seizes on and captivates the imagination.

Strength of mind implies strength of associations; and therefore strong minds will be more capable of virtue and every species of heroism, than those who are feeble.

Heroism in fact is nothing else than an association between the idea of acting like a man of honour and the pleasurable emotions connected with it, sufficiently strong not to be interrupted by pain or danger.

It is well known that we feel not what we do not *attend to;* and not attending to is to resist the association which certain impressions

would call forth by awakening a different train of ideas. With them different emotions will take place, and thus we cease to feel what we think ought not to be felt.

In this manner we must account for what we read of Sir John Moore. A cannon ball knocked him off his horse and took away his arm at the shoulder, yet he rose from the ground, and only missed his arm when in the act of remounting his horse he was going to use it. The soul of the hero was too much intent on his duty, too much absorbed in the issue of the battle to allow him at the moment to be susceptible of pain

Thus in a cord one set of vibrations disappears when stronger touches agitate it in a different point.

I must observe generally that there runs through all the arguments of Analyticus against sympathy, as explained by Adam Smith, a confused idea respecting the part which the imagination acts on this occasion. A point on which the ideas of Adam Smith himself seem not to have been sufficiently clear.

It is supposed that when we see another person affected we put ourselves, by an effort of the imagination in that person's place, and that, in consequence of this effort, we become sensible, we are enabled to conceit, how he must feel.

Were it so, your correspondent would be right when he observes that only a faint and feeble sentiment could be the result of this mental operation, and that of course vigorous sympathy, such as we see it in life, must have another source.

But it is not so. A person before me makes a certain impression on my senses; I see how a nail, on which he trod with his bare foot while running, has perforated from the sole to the opposite side. At the same instant I hear his scream and perceive the contortion of his face. These impressions give ideas. These ideas excite associated, corresponding emotions. I therefore find myself to a certain degree in the same state with him. I feel as he does. The only difference between us is that he receives his impressions from the nail in the foot direct, while I receive them indirectly through the medium of my eye. I am in unison with him just as, when an instrument is struck, corresponding cords will, of their own accord, begin to vibrate on another. My intellectual system, affected by impression on the senses, ideas and corresponding emotions, begins, in the *first instance*, to be put into a similar state of agitation with himself, and *therefore* I find myself in his place. I find myself in his place because I am in virtue of my organization, and of my associations, drawn into a similar state of affection. I do not begin by dint of imagination to place myself in his situation, and *feel*

afterwards. No, my sensibility is directly excited in the first instance, and because it is thus excited, I know *how he* must feel.

Imagination in fact is more frequently a *result*, an effect of the laws of association, than an operative cause. It is a consciousness of the state of others derived from attention to the emotions associated with certain ideas in ourselves.

Thus I imagine that I am a prince if I assume a conduct and demeanor suitable to the state of feelings associated with the idea of of a prince; and I am relieved from pain and sickness by metallic points, magnetic manipulations, or the touch of a miraculous hand, provided I have *faith*, in a great measure, if not intirely, because in this case the idea, *now I shall get well*, produces its associated train of feelings and motions in the system, which prove not less salutary for having been called forth by *imagination*, than if they had been occasioned by a *blister*. The rationale of their operation is the same, and therefore both prove frequently ineffectual.

But this imagination is different from poetic fancy, which consists in a rapid, brilliant, and delicate combination of ideas.

Since then sympathy depends in a direct manner on "a unison of nervous affection," we see again why it will be the stronger the less the mental fabric is previously excited, the more it is at rest. The man agitated by the fear of being protested at bank cannot possibly sympathize with the joy of the meeting friends.

Simple relations, therefore, in life; the absence of want and perturbating passions—a regular course of activity—are congenial to morals.

What associated emotions effect in a moral sense—the perception of resulting pain or pleasure, of right or wrong—that associated ideas produce in the operation of judging.—Judging is nothing else but reviewing ideas and watching their associations. Therefore to judge well we must be calm. Therefore our bursts of brilliant thoughts occur most frequently when we first awake in the morning, Therefore to think well and to see clear we must have thought much and seen much; there must have been a mass of relative ideas previously conceived and connected. Therefore wrong associations constitute a wrong head.

If we view sympathy in the light above stated, viz. as a unison of nervous affections with those of another, which, under favourable circumstances, must inevitably result from the operation of the laws of association—the vigor of these emotions of sympathy, and that they most powerfully propel to action, is not to be wondered at.

The humble retainer in king Lear, when they were putting out the eyes of the old man, did not begin with saying or thinking, "if I

were that old man, how would I feel, and consequently what ought I to do? That would be a miserable sympathy indeed which stood in need of this mental process! No: the sight of the deed made him thrill with horror, and the pain he felt made him do what he would have done had his own eye been in question, made him draw his sword and attack, regardless of consequences, those engaged in the barbarous act.

It appears then, to resume the whole subject, that man, like other animals, is propelled to action by pleasure and pain. He is further so constituted that frequently coexisting ideas and emotions become associated and mutually reproduce each other. In consequence of this last feature in his nature, he involuntarily participates in the feelings of others, and is thereby prompted to promote their pleasures and relieve their pains; for, in so doing, he gratifies or relieves himself. *He cannot help* therefore delighting in good and being averse to evil. He is *constitutionally*, that is, in virtue of his organization, *moral*, and will be so, unless forced out of his *natural* existence by *unnatural* circumstances.

Is not this reasoning founded on facts and correct observation? Is it not *plain* and *obvious?* and if so, if the simple laws of association bear me out when I wish to conceive how man comes to be a moral being, why have recourse, with Mr. *Analyticus*, to a *deus ex machina*, to an *occult*, *primary*, *instinctive* and *inscrutable qualification in the soul of man, implanted for the most happy and obvious purposes by a direct law of the Creator?*

Yet, if the explanation were harmless, I would let it pass. It sounds sublime. It seems full of high meaning! I should be sorry to put the writer out of humour with his grand concluding sentence—but not only does it tell me nothing; the sentence is hostile. It knocks me down! The world around me is full of evil I fain would mend; full of vice and wickedness I fain would banish. If morality springs from sympathy, and sympathy is an occult, primary, instinctive and inscrutable qualification, nothing remains for me but to heave a deep sigh, take care of myself, and let things run their wicked courses!

How different when a just conception of the laws of association and their influence on intellectual man develops to my mind the true nature of sympathy! *Da punctum*, I exclaim with *Archimedes*—Oh that I were a man of influence and fortune! and though I should not attempt to *move* the earth, yet I should *remove* from that portion of it where I dwell much that now disfigures it—much that is abominable and vile!

Here is a downright wicked fellow, bent upon mischief and immoral throughout—what will you do with him Mr. *Analyticus?*—You shrug your shoulders; you declare that he must be deficient in that

occult, primary, instinctive and inscrutable qualification which the Creator, from motives we must not presume to scan, suffered to become stinted in his breast. You determine once more to endeavour to rouse him by giving him a terrible lecture, and if your efforts should not be blessed with success, to consider the case as hopeless and to ship him off to the East Indies that he may not disgrace his family.

The lecture is administered, but the fellow makes faces while you are preaching. He cannot be brought even to listen to you; and the lecture over, he proves more wicked than before. Thus he goes to the East Indies, before the mast, and dies a few weeks after his arrival in that country.

A similar one falls into my hands. On examining the history of his life I find that he lost his mother when an infant, and that his father's second wife, vexed to hear the first, whom the boy resembles, frequently mentioned as a very superior woman, persuades herself and her husband *the lad has a bad heart.* In consequence of this he was severely rebuked for every little mistake or oversight; was constantly treated with coldness and suspicion; was kept at a distance, and becoming the regular but of his stepmother's ill humour, the odious reproaches of his baseness and perversity never ceased to ring on his ear while in the house. His bad name, spreading thence through the village, the same reproaches pursued him in the countenance and manner towards him of all the inhabitants and even of his playmates. Hence he never tasted the satisfaction of being approved of, and sought for relief from the mortification of being disliked, first in the pleasure of plaguing others, and afterwards in the immoderate indulgence of sensual gratifications. Hence a chain of vitious associations throughout, and the result—*depravity!*

To attempt whether he may perhaps be reformed, I begin with presuming him possessed of qualities in which I know he is deficient. I tell him that I am glad to find people had formed erroneous ideas of him; that his natural disposition was excellent, though he had unfortunately acquired some bad habits; and that he possessed much more capacity and energy than many of those mean and tame people who blamed him. I trust him, though I know that he cheats. I confide in him, though I know that he is habitually faithless. If he behaves amiss, I pretend not to know it. I allure him to the virtues he wants by giving him a foretaste of the gratifications which would attend their acquirement. I make much of him when he merits praise, and often bestow it, if it can only be done with a colouring of propriety, when in reality he was deserving of censure. I secretly prevail on some friends to join me in this method. By these means I make him of consequence; I make him respect himself. I change by slow degrees

the whole train of his associations. He becomes a new man—he thanks me for having made him so, and continues to live a useful member of society, beloved and respected by all who know him.

A gentleman at *New York* had a clerk who kept his books and papers. After some months, on settling the bank account he discovered a deficiency of five hundred dollars, and it appeared that this sum had been drawn from the bank by means of a forged check. The clerk immediately on the discovery left the office; but the gentleman suspecting the place where he would probably endeavour to hide himself, followed him instantaneously, entered the room, found him; upbraided him humourously for having left the office when he must know how much he was wanted, took him home and gave him among other papers the forged check, with a request to enter it, since it had been neglected to enter it when it was drawn.—The astonished clerk received it trembling, and did as he had been told. He perceived his employer was determined not to see what he had done! The gentleman continued to treat him with marked politeness, and even with confidence. The $500 were by degrees replaced by the clerk from his salary. Not a word was ever said on the subject; and he lives now a man of worth and respectability in that city.

What associations must have been produced in the mind of the clerk by this couduct! How deeply must he have been moved by this forbearance and delicacy! What a new and elevated tone must his mind have taken! How incapable must he have become of a similar transgression; and how different would have been the result had he been arrested, imprisoned, tried and branded by an ignominious sentence!

Is not many an unfortunate female—are not most of them driven to prostitution because their first false steps do not meet with indulgence and forgiveness? *We constantly create vice by not knowing how to treat error!* Self-love, the fundamental principle of human nature, and the repugnance to pain constantly produce a reconciliation between ourselves and our faults. In a continued self-disapprobation, no human being can exist. If the fallen therefore can no longer live among the virtuous, because these do not know to forgive, and still to love and to honour,—they must needs seek new sources of satisfaction in a new train of associations, and among new comrades. The circumstances in which they are placed work this change; and thus we see why *love* and *charity* are so strongly enforced in the sacred writings. They are not only virtues in themselves, they are the support of virtue, the antidote to degradation in their effect upon others.

The rogues of England become respectable men at Botany Bay. There is honour among thieves. Every where the vitious are only

the unfortunate, the spoiled, by false treatment and bad situation. Religious fanaticism or visionary ideas of liberty, by destroying the *sound associations* and establishing those which might be called *morbid*, will convert the humane into tigres, the reasonable into fools; and in the same manner what is virtuous and honest, what is dignified and honourable, what is graceful and polite may be found to disappear in a whole nation under a long continued, mean and clownish administration.

If those who educate youth, who organize institutions, who preside at public amusements, who give a tone and impulse to society—if those who govern, if those who legislate—but silence! I forget that wealth and party zeal as yet are thought sufficient to qualify for such situations in this country!

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LECTURE V.—ON PAUSES,

The judicious observance of which gives expression and animation to the subject discussed.

GENTLEMEN,

I NOW proceed to the consideration of that essential principle in the art of reading, the proper use of pauses.

The two principles of pause and tone are more intimately connected together than any other two of the five which constitute the correct pronunciation of written language; and they mutually affect each other; nor is there any thing which contributes more to the just and forcible expression of sentiment, than the proper observance of them. I shall in the present lecture confine myself to the consideration of the former.

Pauses in reading and speaking are equally necessary to give precision and expression to the sentiment. Their use, in both cases, is too obvious to need much recommendation or explanation. Rhetoricians, however, have been greatly perplexed about their nature and application. While some consider them as altogether arbitrary, depending upon the taste of the reader; others confine them to those grammatical rules, by which certain parts of speech are kept

together, and others divided, in order more fully to ascertain the sense or meaning of an author; without regard to those colloquial pauses and tones, by which the energy of sentiment is most forcibly conveyed. In this, as in most other cases of similar opposition, the golden principle of *mediocrity* should be observed.

Punctuation therefore, or pauses, should be considered as relating both to grammar and to rhetoric. A system of punctuation may be sufficient for the purposes of grammar, or, in other words it may be sufficient to clear and preserve the sense of an author, and at the same time be a very imperfect guide to the pronunciation of it. The art of reading, though founded on grammar, has principles of its own: principles which arise from the nature of the human voice, from the perception of harmony in the ear, and from a certain superaddition to the sense of language, of which grammar takes no notice. These principles naturally and necessarily influence our pronunciation, and direct us to pauses, which are intirely unknown to every system of punctuation now in use: except that of the ingenious and elaborate Mr. Walker, who has investigated this subject with much critical skill and accuracy. He treats, in his Rhetorical Grammar as well as in his Elements of Elocution, of *grammatical* and *rhetorical*, or *visible*, and *audible* punctuation; and has given copious examples of their application. To these valuable effusions of judgment, taste, and genius, I refer you, for a more minute discussion than the usual limits of a lecture will permit.

Pauses are equally necessary to the *hearer* and to the *speaker*. To the *speaker*, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery, and that he may, by these temporary rests, relieve the organs of speech, which otherwise would be soon fatigued by uninterrupted action: to the *hearer*, that the ear also may be relieved from the fatigue which it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound, and that the understanding may have sufficient time to mark the distinction of sentences, and their several members.

The pauses, necessary to be observed in reading, are of two kinds; first, those which mark the divisions of the sense, and are therefore called grammatical or sentential pauses, such as the comma, the semicolon, the colon, and the period. To these are to be added the note of interrogation, the note of exclamation, and the parenthesis. These three being expressed not so much by the length of time to be observed in pausing, as by the tone of voice.

Secondly. Emphatical pauses, which are made, when something is said of peculiar moment, on which we wish to fix the hearer's attention. These sometimes coincide with the sentential stops; but more frequently occur where they are not expressed. I shall make some *brief* remarks on each of these in the order I have mentioned them.

And first of the comma.

The comma usually separates those parts of a sentence, which, though very closely connected in sense and construction, require a short pause between them, and only a short one, without any change of tone; the sentiment, or enunciation of thought never being *completely* expressed under their restriction.

With respect to a simple sentence or that which consists of one subject and one finite verb, the several words of which it consists have so near a relation to each other, that in general no points are requisite except a period at the end, as "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "A wise man governs his passions."

A simple sentence, however, when it is a long one, and the nominative case is accompanied with inseparable adjuncts, may admit of a pause immediately before the verb: as, "The good taste of the present age, has not allowed us to neglect the cultivation of the English language." "To be totally inattentive to praise or censure, is a real defect in character."

In the generality of compound sentences, commas are multiplied according to the sense, grammatical construction, and extension of the sentence. The rules for their application are very copiously, explicitly, and accurately laid down in Murray's large Grammar; and by Mr. Walker in his Elements of Elocution, as well as in his Rhetorical Grammar.

The semicolon is used for dividing a compound sentence into two or more parts, not so closely connected as those which are separated by a comma, nor yet so little dependent on each other as those which are distinguished by a colon: as, "Experience teaches us, that an intire retreat from worldly affairs, is not what religion requires; nor does it even enjoin a long retreat from them."

A colon is used to divide a sentence into two or more parts, less connected than those which are separated by a semicolon; but not so independent as separate, distinct sentences: as, "A Divine Legislator, uttering his voice from heaven; an Almighty Governor, stretching forth his arm to punish or reward; informing us of perpetual rest prepared hereafter for the righteous, and of indignation and wrath awaiting the wicked: these are the considerations which overawe the world; which support integrity, and check guilt."

A period should be used when a sentence is complete and independent, and not connected in construction with the following sentence. Some sentences are independent of each other, both in sense and construction: as, "Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king." Some are independent only in their grammatical construction: as, "The Supreme Being changes not, either in his desire to promote our happiness, or in the plan of his administration. One light always shines

upon us from above. One clear and direct path is always pointed out to man." A period may also sometimes be admitted between two sentences, though they be joined by a disjunctive or copulative conjunction: as, "He who lifts himself up to the observation and notice of the world, is, of all men, the least likely to avoid censure. For, he draws upon himself a thousand eyes, that will narrowly inspect him in every part."

The *dash*, when properly used, indicates a sudden interruption, or fragment of a sentence, or where an emphatical pause is required. There is no mark in the whole system of punctuation applied with such frequent impropriety as this; some unskilful writers using it even instead of the comma. It is properly introduced in such sentences as this, where the dead body is supposed to contradict the assertion on the tomb.

"Here lies the great——False marble, where?
"Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here."

The note of interrogation is used after the expression of a question: "as, "Where are you going? How far is it from Philadelphia to Baltimore?" A note of interrogation should not be used in cases where it is only said a question has been asked, and where the words are not used as a question: as, "The disciples of John inquired of Jesus, who he was." To give this sentence the interrogative form, it should be expressed thus. "The disciples of John said unto Jesus, who art thou?"

The note of exclamation is applied to express sudden emotions of the mind indicative of surprise, joy, grief, &c. as, "Really! How animating the thought!"

"Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!"

The interrogation and exclamation points are indeterminate as to their quantity or time, and may be equivalent in that respect to a semicolon, a colon, or a period, as the sense may require. They mark an elevation of the voice. The observation with respect to the quantity of time in pausing is equally applicable to the other pauses; the rest which they imply depending altogether on the nature of the composition: the pause at the comma, semicolon, &c. being greater in serious and solemn compositions, than in gay: though the exact *proportion* between them should *always* be observed.

A parenthesis marks a clause containing some explanatory information or remark, which may be omitted without impairing the sense of the sentence: as,

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

The parenthesis requires a moderate depression of the voice at its commencement, which should be continued in a qúickened pace till it terminates; when the same tone should be resumed which you observed before its commencement. As the words contained in a parenthesis occasion an interruption in the current of the sentiment they are always justly considered as blemishes in composition. In the following sentence of Mr. Addison, the parenthesis is striking:

"Notwithstanding all this care of Cicero, history informs us that Marcus proved a mere blockhead; that nature (who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving, by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation of Athens."

Such are the sentential pauses.

An emphatical pause is made after something has been said, or is just about to be said, to which we desire particularly to call the hearer's attention. This pause produces the same effect as a strong emphasis, and is subject to the same rules. The same caution is necessary also in the use of it, viz. not to repeat it too frequently. For as it excites uncommon attention, and of course raises expectation; if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, it occasions disappointment and disgust.

When properly applied, the emphatical pause gives great energy to the expression. In the fourth commandment of the decalogue, an emphatical pause after the first word, "Remember," gives great force and expression to the precept; "Remember—that thou keep holy the sabbath day," &c. In the soliloquy of cardinal Wolsey, an emphatical pause is properly introduced into the first metaphor.

"And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
"His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
"And then—he falls as I do."

And again in the same soliloquy,

"I have ventur'd,
"Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
"These many summers in a sea of glory,
"But—far beyond my depth."

So in the address of Sempronius to the Roman senate

"Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
"Or—share their fate."

Such are the pauses proper to be observed in the reading of prose: in addition to all which, verse, whether blank verse or rhyme, requires the strict observance of what are called the harmonic pauses, viz. the cesural and final pauses. These sometimes coincide with the sentential pauses, and sometimes act independently of them; that is, exist where there is no stop required to designate the sense.

The *final* pause takes place at the end of the line, closes the verse, and marks the measure, by a certain number of feet. The *cesural* divides the line into equal or unequal parts. The final preserves the melody, and produces the harmony of verse, without interfering with the sense. For the pause itself perfectly marks the bound of the metre, and being made only by a suspension of the voice, not by any change of note, it can never affect the sense. This is not the only advantage gained to numbers by this final pause or stop of suspension. It also prevents that monotony, that sameness of note at the end of lines, which, however pleasing to a rude, is disgusting to a delicate ear. For, as the final pause has no peculiar note of its own, but always takes that which belongs to the preceding word, it changes continually with the matter, and is as various as the sense.

It is the final pause alone, which, on many occasions, marks the difference between prose and verse. This will be evident, if we read the following passage from Thomson, with regard only to the sentential pauses:

"Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, I stray, regardless whither; till the sound of a near fall of water, every sense wakes from the charm of thought. Swift shrinking back, I check my steps; and view the broken scene. Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood rolls fair and placid; where, collected all in one impetuous torrent, down the steep it thundering shoots, and shakes the country round."

A person hearing this read without regard to the poetical pauses, would not suppose it to be verse, but only what is called poetical prose, or, as Hervey's Meditations and similar productions have been sometimes called, "prose run mad." But, by properly observing the *final* pause, the passage appears to be, what it really is, correct and polished blank verse, having five iambic feet in each line; as thus,

"Thus, up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
"I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
"Of a near fall of water, every sense
"Wakes from the charm of thought. Swift shrinking back,
"I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
"Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood

" Rolls fair and placid; where collected all
" In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
" It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round."

Thomson's Descrip. of a Cataract.

The truth of the assertion is, I think, more strikingly evinced by the following passage from Akenside.

" For, since the course of things external acts in different ways on human apprehensions, as the hand of nature temper'd to a different frame peculiar minds; so haply where the powers of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge the images of things, but paint in all their genuine hues the features which they wore in nature; there, opinion will be true, and action right."

The true reading is thus;

——" For since the course
" Of things external acts in different ways
" On human apprehensions, as the hand
" Of nature temper'd to a different frame
" Peculiar minds; so haply where the pow'rs
" Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
" The images of things, but paint in all
" Their genuine hues the features which they wore
" In nature; there, opinion will be true,
" And action right."

Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

These examples show the necessity of reading blank verse in such a manner, as to make every line sensible to the ear: for, what is the use of melody? where can exist the harmony? or for what end has the poet composed in verse, and fetter'd himself by the laws of numbers, if in reading his lines, we suppress his numbers, by omitting the final pause, and degrade them by our pronunciation into mere prose?

But the harmony of poetic numbers is not complete without the observance of the *cesural* pause, which divides the line into equal or unequal parts, and is generally placed on the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable of heroic verse.

On the fourth syllable, or at the end of the second foot: as,

" Far in a wild" unknown to public view,
" From youth to age" a rev'rend hermit grew."

On the fifth syllable, or middle of the third foot.

" The morn was wasted" in the pathless grass,
" And long and lonesome" was the wild to pass."

On the sixth syllable, or at the end of the third foot.

" Some to conceit alone" their taste confine,
" And glitt'ring thoughts" struck out at ev'ry line."

A line may be divided into three portions, by two cesuras: as,

" Outstretch'd he lay" on the cold ground" and oft"
" Look'd up to heav'n."

Sometimes a semi-pause, or *demi-cesura* is introduced: as thus,

" Rides' in the whirlwind" and directs' the storm."
" From storms' a shelter", and from heat' a shade."

Such are the stops or pauses made use of in the pronunciation of written language; and one of the most important parts of the art of reading consists in the *proper* application of them. The great error which prevails with respect to the use of them is, that they are more attended to and regulated according to the rules of grammar in the construction of a sentence, than to the customary modes of speaking: that is, certain parts of speech are kept together and others divided by stops, according to their grammatical construction, without reference to the pauses used in discourse. Whereas, the ear being much more accustomed to the tones and pauses of colloquial, than to those usually observed in written, language, a rigid observance of the latter, occasions a stiffness, that produces a degree of monotony which soon fatigues the ear, and consequently by continuance becomes disgusting.

Of one of the best readers ever known in England, I have heard the following anecdote.

" Mr. John Rice, who in the year 1765 published an octavo volume on the Art of Reading, obtained a very handsome income by the instruction which he gave privately to individuals. When Dr. Rush was in England, he was invited to dine at a gentleman's house, where, during the course of dinner, Mr. Rice came to instruct a young lady in the art of reading. The gentleman, thinking it might be agreeable to Dr. Rush and some other Americans who were there to hear Mr. Rice read, desired him to return when the lesson was over, and read to them. He did so; and the guests were astonished at the force of expression and elegance of manner with which he read some of the most difficult passages of that sublime author, Milton. Dr. Rush assured me he never had heard the poem of Paradise Lost read in so superior a style; and one of the company asking Mr. Rice what that peculiarity of manner was owing to, he replied: " Sir, I always make it a rule in reading, to *disregard the sentential stops*, and to be governed

only by those *colloquial* pauses and tones, which would most naturally and forcibly express the sense, were the sentiments the spontaneous effusions of my own mind. The *sentential* pauses in all books, being so mechanically, and consequently so injudiciously placed, as frequently to obscure the brilliancy of the sentiment, and always to communicate a stiffness to the enunciation."

Punctuation is a modern art. The ancients were intirely unacquainted with the use of our comma, semicolon, &c. and wrote not only without any distinction of members and periods, but also without distinction of words; which custom, historians inform us, continued till the hundred and fourth olympiad. During which time, the sense alone divided the discourse. How the ancients read their works written in this manner, it is not easy to conceive. After the practice of joining words together ceased, notes of distinction were placed at the end of every word, generally a mark like our small v. This appears from many ancient manuscripts still preserved in public libraries, and in the cabinets of the curious. This was the mode while manuscripts and monumental inscriptions were the only known methods to convey knowledge. The fourteenth century, to which we are indebted for the invention of printing, did not however bestow those appendages which we call *stops*: whoever will be at the pains to examine the first printed books will discover no stops of any kind; but arbitrary marks here and there, according to the humour of the printer. In the fifteenth century we observe their first appearance. Nor were they all produced at the same time: the comma, parenthesis, interrogation and period, being then all. The colon was afterwards introduced, and lastly the semicolon, and note of admiration. "Pauses in discourse, says Mr. Sheridan, answer the same end that shades do in pictures; by the proper use of which, the objects stand out distinctly to the eye; and without which, were the colours to run into one another, it would be difficult to discriminate the several figures of the composition. In order to get the better of this bad habit of running sentences and their members too quickly into one another, he recommends it to every reader to make all his pauses longer than is necessary, till by degrees he brings them to their due proportion.

The use of pauses being not only to elucidate the meaning, but to give expression to the sentiments of an author, taste as well as judgment is essentially necessary in a reader; and this taste must be founded upon an active sensibility of the author's feelings, and the most natural and consequently the most forcible mode of communicating them agreeably to the nature of the subject discussed.

The necessity of correct punctuation, expressing the force of sentiment, or the true meaning of the author, will be evident by an omission of the stops, or an improper collocation of them; as in the following sentences:

"My name is Norval on the Grampian hills:
"My father feeds his flock a frugal swain;
"Whose constant care," &c.

Again,

"We fought and conquer'd ere a sword was drawn.
"An arrow from my bow," &c.

Very closely connected with, and in some degree dependent upon, punctuation, is the proper use of tones, or the modulation and operation of the human voice in forming by its inflexions those many expressions of sentiment and passion which give energy to language, and efficacy to thought.

To this important topic I shall solicit your attention in my next lecture.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Westminster, Frederic County, Maryland, May 20th, 1809.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I VISITED a curiosity a few days since, which the pen of many a traveller has celebrated as among the most beautiful of nature's vagaries. The description of the scenery from the hand of Mr. Jefferson in his Notes, was among the strongest inducements which led me to undergo the fatigue of travelling over so rugged and cheerless a path as the road to Harper's Ferry: but when I arrived there, I found that the scenery and the objects of earth, rock and water, afforded a view, grand, magnificent and highly picturesque, yielding pleasure, surprise and food for speculation, fully compensating the exertion and labour of the jaunt; even when made by so sluggish and inert a crea-

ture as myself. The theoretical account of the phenomena of this scene, which Mr. Jefferson gives, is highly beautiful, rich, and interesting; but it has more, in my eye, of the rich and luxurious exuberance of fancy, than the strength or face of probability. The idea of the conflicting land and water; of the rushing of the confluent currents of the Shenandoah and the Potomac against the mountain; and the victorious forcing of a passage, interest and please the "mind's eye," with the splendid display of beautiful imagery and rich invention; but the talismanic touch of probability subvert the dazzling fiction, and leaves the mind of the traveller willing to gaze, with pleasure and delight, upon the gay and tasteful features of the scene, which nature, in a frolic mood, has scattered around Harper's Ferry; content with the ecstasy of seeing, without the vain wish of erecting theories, to account for the vagaires of so wild a prank.

The approach to the ferry is through a rugged, broken, and mountainous country; with all the bleak and verdant variety of hill and of valley. The passage is in many places narrowed by jutting approaches of the bold rocks on either side, whose protruded prows impend, with threatening destruction, over the head of the terrified traveller, and inspire him, with a fearful awe and admiration of the sublime works of nature's hand.

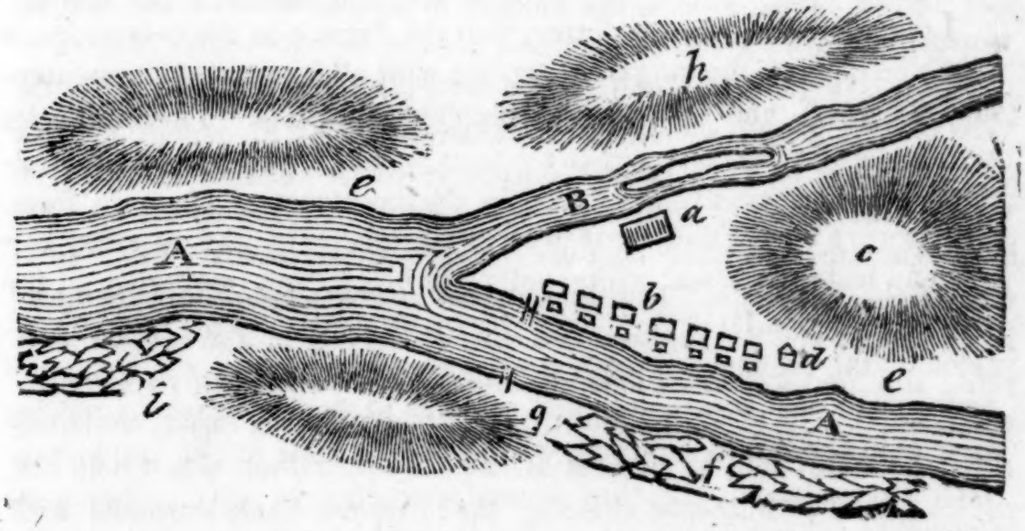
On arriving at the beach of the ferry, his eye is hailed with the view of two grand and noble streams, rushing with ardent velocity to a meeting of each other's currents; their wedding each other's waters, and gliding, after their union down the deep straits between the mountains, hurrying on their journey to the ocean. The confluence of the Shenandoah and the Potomac, forms a beautiful spectacle: in the union, the Shenandoah becomes immerged in the greater current, and loses its name; the aggrandized Potomac, with a force accelerated by its new auxiliary, proudly pursues its rapid, resistless race, down through the mountains, leaving on either side a bold and aspiring bluff of immense altitude: the western bank enriched with a luxuriant verdant garb; the eastern made grand by a rugged, terrific, perpendicular rock. Upon the headland, which the rivers leave between them, have been erected arsenals and public workshops* for the structure of arms, which are well organized and conducted: in their rear and retired a little distance from the angle of the headland, stands a lofty, extensive mountain, which from its projecting brow, seems as intended to protect the pigmy works of art, from the rude blast of the north wind: and to look down with super-

* Planned and erected by Mr. John Mackie.

intending guardianship upon the lilliputian efforts of its busy little protegées. Upon this mountain, the curious traveller clambers, and from the sublime observatory of its summit, commands a full and picturesque view of the grandeur and beauty of this fascinating prospect. He hears at a distance the anxious roarings of the Shenandoah, seeking, in its rapid course, the bosom of its noble spouse: he sees the meeting and the incorporation of these bold tributaries of the Atlantic; he sees the eager river god Potomac, encircle in his watery embrace, the yielding Shenandoah, and hurry, with his pure and precious burden, down to his grand and capacious reservoir. Nature has nowhere offered to the eye of the curious a more beautiful, enrapturing prospect, of her amusements and her pastime, than she presents in the scenery which surrounds Harper's Ferry; and it has well been said, "that a view of its beauties would afford full compensation for an Atlantic voyage."

MARCELLUS.

A draught of the confluence of the rivers Shenandoah and Potomac.



A A Potomac,
B Shenandoah,
a Arsenal,
b Manufactories,
c A lofty observatory mountain,
d A tavern,
e Virginia side,
f Maryland side,
g Harper's ferry,
h A rich mountain from 600 to 1000 feet high,
i Rocks.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—LETTER VI.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, March, 1804.

Colonel Noailles Joysin is a young negro of about thirty years of age, of a savage and fierce physiognomy, and of a mind perfectly correspondent with his countenance. On the departure of the general from town on the 21st of February, the command devolved upon him, and he consequently became from his authority, a person of magnitude. His cruelty and insolence are without moderation, and as his power is very extensive, he exercises it with all the severity of a tyrant. This man was formerly a slave; he was once a private in the same troop of dragoons, with Christophe, and by his bravery, assisted by his intimacy with his old comrade, has by degrees been promoted to his present rank; I was once in company with this officer at the house of a French lady, when in the course of conversation, he mentioned that he recollected when his *master* used to visit her. He spoke of him with a degree of affection and respect, and in conclusion observed that he was "*un bon diable.*"

I mentioned in a former letter, that the French on the evacuation of the Cape had left the magazine replete with all kinds of military utensils and arms, and an immense number of bullets. These articles were ordered to be conveyed to the forts in the country; and as the soldiers were principally employed in the construction of those forts, guards were almost daily sent to scour the streets to take up every idle or mean looking person, white, yellow or black, they met with, to the arsenal to assist. Here they were drawn up rank and file and examinined by the colonel; very few were excused. If they could stand it was enough, and I have seen him set men at work, without regarding their petitions and solicitations, who were sick, lame or old, and so incapacitated for labour, that they seemed scarcely to be alive. They were compelled to draw heavy wagons loaded with cannon or other warlike apparatus, carry muskets, or convey utensils in wheelbarrows, into the country.

One morning I was informed that the steward of my vessel, who was a black man, had been taken up by the patrol and confined in a guard house. I went to the place, and found him locked up in a small shed with several others. He informed me that on his way to market he had been seized, and notwithstanding his repeated declarations that he was an American, they would not discharge him. I then applied to the officer of the guard for his release; he shrugged his shoulders, and answered *il faut demander le colonel.*" I accordingly waited up-

on his honour, and when the prisoners arrived, and were arranged for adjudication, I stated to him my business. He conducted himself in a haughty and insolent manner, and after muttering some things about *foutres Americains*, dismissed the steward. The fellow however was arrested again on the following day, and kept at hard work. Another negro also belonging to an American vessel, was seized in the same manner, and though his captain applied repeatedly for his enlargement, he was detained upwards of a month.

A few days previous to the fifth of the present month, a proclamation was issued by Joysin, commanding, under penalty of imprisonment, all the *women*, except those who were old, sick, or infirm, to meet at the arsenal on that day before sunrise, for the purpose of carrying bullets to a fort in the country. In consequence of this order, about *five thousand* of all colours from white to black assembled at the appointed place. During the preceding night there had been a violent rain, and in consideration of that circumstance, Christophe sent a request to the colonel to postpone the ceremony, as the roads were scarcely passable. The inhuman wretch excused himself by replying that " the women were all assembled, and it was hardly worth while to put them to the trouble of coming again." Accordingly at about 8 o'clock, the procession moved, accompanied to the edge of the town by a band of martial music, to keep up their spirits. Each one carried about *eighteen* pounds weight, the distance of the fort was *fifteen* miles, (two or three of which were up a steep mountain) the heat of the sun excessive, and the mud very deep. The consequences to some of the poor creatures might easily have been predicted, many of them dropped down upon the way, with fatigue, and others actually died in consequence of it. The great body arrived at the end of their journey early in the afternoon; they were obliged to stay there the remainder of the day, and at night to lie down upon the miry ground in the open air. During their absence from town, scarcely a person was to be seen in the street except the patroling guards, for those of the inhabitants who had neglected to obey the colonel's orders, shut up their houses, and kept themselves closely confined. On the following day, the women returned in a deplorable state, muddy, hungry, worn down with fatigue, and scarcely able to drag one foot after another. The sight was enough to have melted the most obdurate heart to pity; a brute would have relented; but our *gallant* colonel was not so effeminate as to suffer his feelings to be moved by the complaints and groans of females suffering under severe and insulting hardships. He resolved to try it again, but not upon quite so brutal a plan. He ordered *all* the inhabitants, both male and female, to attend at the magazine and receive a certain number of bullets, which they were to deliver at the fort.

Those only who could afford the expense of hiring others to do it for them, of consequence escaped the labour. The cause of this amelioration was, that the women had suffered so severely on the former occasion, they were unable to conduct business; their shops were shut, and the commerce of the whole city was suspended for several days.

The colonel, with all his imperfections, deserves credit for his industry. He spends the chief part of his time at the arsenal, to see the soldiers perform their duty, and to set the vagrants at work, but he is so severe that he is dreaded by every one under his command. I one day saw an instance of his cruelty exercised towards a negro whom he met in the street whilst riding. He asked the man "who he was?" the fellow very respectfully told him his name, and observed, "colonel, you know me, I once lived with such a person," mentioning the name. Whether Joysin took this for impudence, or presumption in the negro for using too much familiarity with him, I cannot pretend to say, but without any further ceremony, he attacked him with his whip, and beat him over the head and face in a most violent manner; for a considerable time. The poor devil bore this treatment patiently, without a single murmur, or even attempting to save his face from the blows, and finally by order of the colonel, was seized by a soldier standing by, and carried to prison. Such brutal severity as this, without any cause but the simplicity of an ignorant man, may serve to give some idea of Joysin's character. Certain it is that he is one of the greatest villains in the island, and what is not at all surprizing, is the bosom friends of citizen A. and Felix Farrier, with both of whom I have made you acquainted.

I have once mentioned that the French who remained in the Cape after its surrender to the Indigenes, were cordially invited so to do by Dessalines, under the most sacred assurances that they should be protected as his subjects, and should enjoy the same right and privileges as their fellow citizens, the Haytiens. This promise was soon violated, and with the exception of a very few who courted the friendship of the Grand Dignitaries, the following is the treatment they received. They were in the first place absolutely forbidden to leave the island; but no strict watch was then kept over them, and for the first two or three months they were not prohibited from going on board the vessels in the harbour, either on business or for the purpose of visiting. At this time it was no difficult matter for a person to have made his escape, and many who were courageous enough to hazard the attempt, succeeded in it. This however being discovered, precautions were resorted to, to prevent similar occurrences. Orders were issued, that no Frenchman should leave the shore, or be even permitted to go upon a wharf. Still some few escaped, principally by concealment on board

of American vessels whither they got in the night. New proclamations were then almost daily published by a crier at the corners of the streets accompanied by beat of drum, forbidding under pain of death in case of detection, any subject from leaving the island without a passport, and strictly enjoining all foreigners from carrying away the subjects of the Indigene government, under penalty of confiscation of vessel and cargo. That the possibility of escape by night might be removed, no boat was permitted to be at the shore after six o'clock in the evening, except those belonging to the town, which were locked to the wharf by an officer appointed for that purpose; guard boats also, were kept constantly rowing about among the vessels in the harbour, during the night.

Under these circumstances, you will perceive, at a single glance, that it was almost a matter of impracticability after the beginning of March, to convey a Frenchman on board of a vessel, without detection. But you may ask, why did not those who were disposed to attempt their escape, go out of town during the day and lie concealed until night, when a boat might be sent for them? I answer, that generally so close a watch was kept, that a man would be missed in an hour's absence, and as soldiers were stationed at all the passes that led from the town, it would have been impossible to get by them without suspicion. Still however some few did manage to get off, by bribing the guards, or by disguising themselves in the dress of American sailors, which gave rise to a new order, viz. that in case of a Frenchman's making his escape, his neighbours should be seized and punished for not giving information. This law was actually enforced, and a poor devil of a baker was cast into prison, and had all his property confiscated, because his partner had been so fortunate as to make his escape.

In the mean time they were insulted by the negroes upon all occasions; were called *brigands*, and were under the necessity of being subservient to the humours of their rulers, and servile in their conduct. They bowed to the *great men* as they passed along with the greatest humiliation, and frequently without receiving any return. If they had any property that was wanted by a grandee, he took it from them, under the pretence of paying for it at a future day, or perhaps by the right of requisition. If a dray was wanted for the public service, or even for an individual officer, one was taken into requisition; if a labourer was wanted, he must work for nothing, and in fact the great folks got what they pleased from the Frenchmen and paid them nothing. *Simonet*, a pastry cook, who formerly resided in Second street near Lombard in Philadelphia, is here, and is employed to prepare and furnish all the pastry and confectionary for most of the great entertainments. He has bills against the principal part of the nabobs, but never receives

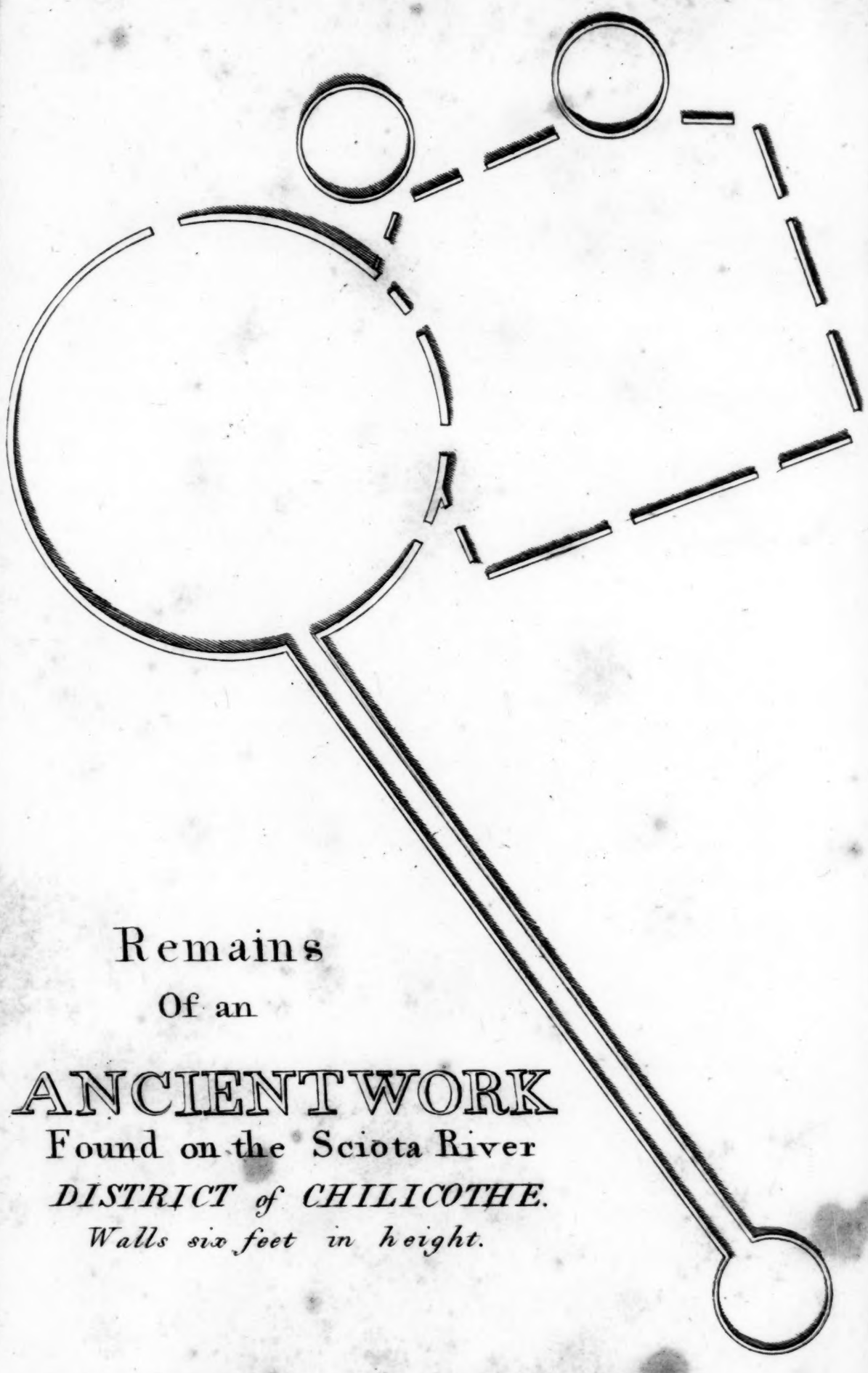
a dollar, and yet he dare not refuse to supply his customers when called upon. A poor fellow by the name of Le Blanc had three or four drays, which were all taken into requisition and employed in conveying articles to the forts in the country, for a week. During this time, the owner was obliged to feed at his own expense the horses and drivers and as he had a family to maintain, which was dependent upon the earnings of his drays, he stated the hardness of his situation to Joysin. The scoundrel laughed at him and told him, " he was glad they had so valuable a subject in their government, and would be much rejoiced if they had more like him."

Open violations at this time are not common; in fact the only instance I recollect is that of a mulatto officer's stabbing a Frenchman under the ear one morning, merely for coming upon the wharf; whether or no the wound was mortal I could not ascertain, but happening to dine that day at the house of an American, in company with that same officer, I heard him speak of what he had done in the most triumphant blood-thirsty language. Horrible transactions however of a secret nature have been almost *nightly* carried on,

" In the dead waste and middle of the night:"

As soon as it was suspected that a poor wretch wished to escape, perhaps he was overheard telling his friend, or looked pale and alarmed, or only appeared as if he was desirous of leaving the country, or rather, I may safely say, as soon as a miserable victim was suspected of having money, he was seized in his bed at midnight, and carried off. Various were the opinions respecting the fate of those unfortunate people; some imagined them to be sent to the forts in the country to work for life; others thought that they were shot, and others again supposed them to have been drowned. Be that as it may, nothing was afterwards heard of them by their friends, and not the least doubt remains, but that they were put to death in some manner or other. Instances of this kind have been very frequent, and in fact so accustomed have we become to accounts of such barbarity, that they are scarcely thought of after being once mentioned. On the morning following these inhuman transactions, a seal is put upon the door of the unfortunate Frenchman's house, a soldier stationed there to guard it, and all his property is advertized and sold by the ordonnateur, as confiscated to the government.

R.



Remains
Of an
ANCIENTWORK
Found on the Sciota River
DISTRICT of CHILICOTHE.
Walls six feet in height.

C. del.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT WORK ON THE SCIOTA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the remains of the works of past ages, and "the deeds of other times," which derives its source probably from an association of ideas; so that there are few persons who do not find their feelings more powerfully awakened by the rude earthen lachrymal, or the mishapen *Lares* found at Herculanum or Pompeia, than by the most exquisite piece of sculpture by the hand of a modern artist.

If the ruined abbey or the mouldering castle is able to arouse sympathy and awaken reflection, surely the sad vestiges of unknown and extinct nations are well calculated to call forth these feelings, and while the moralist may indulge in reflection, the philosopher may lanch forth into speculation, and the man of feeling and curiosity be gratified.

The ruins of ancient works scattered over the western country, have excited not a little curiosity and conjecture; several of them occupy an area of more than a hundred acres; they have been but imperfectly described, and the object of their erection still more unsatisfactorily explained. While the elements are daily combining with man to efface these monuments of art, science loudly demands that they should be preserved in some work not of an ephemeral cast. If within the design and plan of The Port Folio, I purpose furnishing you with sketches of several other interesting monuments of the original inhabitants of our country, accompanied with short topographical descriptions, that while they provoke the inquiry, they may at the same time assist the examinations of the curious.

The one accompanying this is found on the Sciota river, on land belonging to colonel Worthington, in the district of Chilicothe—the walls are six feet in height.

J. C.

GRECIAN LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An Essay on the Greek Aorist Participle of the Active Voice.

BY ATTICUS.

Dî coeptis adspirate meis!

The Latins have no participle which answers to the Greek aorist participles of the active voice, unless it be in their deponent verbs. Thus, for example, the participle of the second aorist of the verb εἶδω, that is, ἰδὼν, may be rendered into Latin by the deponent participle *conspicatus*, and εὑρὼν, from εὑρίσκω may be interpreted *nactus;* but, where the Greek aorist finds no equivalent Latin deponent, we are obliged to have recourse to a periphrasis and adopt the plusquamperfectum of the subjunctive in Latin with the conjunction quum.

I shall illustrate these observations from the New Testament.

And when he (the priest) *saw him, he passed by on the other side,* και ιδων αυτον, αντιπαρηλθεν.* Here ιδων may be rendered by *conspicatus.* But by the by, the true English of this aorist is not when he saw him, but rather, when he had seen him.

In the next verse, the participle of the second aorist occurs. *And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked at him, and passed by on the side.* Ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ λευΐτης, γενόμενος κατὰ τὸν τόπον, ελθὼν καὶ ἰδὼν, ἀντιπαρῆλθεν. In this passage, ιδων, as I have observed above, may be rendered *conspicatus,* but there being no deponent for ελθὼν, it must be translated *quum venisset.* Ελθὼν is a participle of the second aorist from ἔρχομαι. It cannot escape notice that γενόμενος is also the second aorist participle of the verb γεννάω.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and, when he saw him, he had compassion, Σαμαρείτης δὲ τις ὁδεύων ἦλθε κατ' αὐτὸν, καὶ ἰδὼν αὐτὸν ἐσπλαγχνίσθη.

The word ὁδεύων, in this passage, is a present participle, and implies *iter faciens.* I cite the passage to dwell with delight on the soft, tender cadence at the close of it—ἐσπλαγχνίσθη.† I pity the man who, hearing this word pronounced with right accent and grace, is not sensibly moved.

In the foregoing parable the Samaritan appears to have been guided by feelings similar to those of the excellent philanthropist: *Homo sum, humani*

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* Observe in αντιπαρηλθεν the peculiar beauty of the Greek in its compound words. It is formed by ἀντὶ, παρὰ and ἔρχομαι. Obviously the third person singular of the second aorist tense of αντιπαρερχομαι. These compound words make the language of ancient Greece the concisest and noblest in the world.

† It is the first aorist tense, third person singular (passive) of the verb Σπλαγχνίζομαι, *misericordia commoveor.*

nihil a me alienum puto: I am a man, and, as such, I cannot see another suffer without pain.

In pursuing these illustrations I have been incited by the motive of rendering assistance to those, who, like myself, study Greek without a master. Disclaiming all pretensions to rivalry with scholars, I am satisfied with the character of a humble pioneer.

THE DRAMA——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

ACCIDENT a few days since, introduced to my notice a new comedy, called "Nolens Volens," or the "Biter Bit," written by Everard Hall, a gentleman of North Carolina. For wit, sentiment, and regularity of plot, I have seldom seen its superior, if equal, when it is considered that it is the first *dramatic* performance, composed in North Carolina, a State, as Mr. Randolph would express it, still in the "hornbook" of literary taste. Willing to contribute to the success of The Port Folio, and the amusement of its readers, I send you the following extract from "Nolen Volens," which if it meets your approbation you will please to publish, and oblige

THE DRAMA.

N. B. It is to be observed, that "Blackletter" is acting under an *assumed name,* and his endeavour is to pacify "Sir Christopher," who is much enraged with Frederick, his son, for falling in love without his consent. Blackletter with a very ordinary understanding, has undertaken a task rather above his capacity, and in his zeal to serve his friend, personates a professor of languages, just arrived from college.

Scene changes to Old Classic's house.

Enter *Sir Christopher* and *Quiz*, in a professor's gown.

SIR CH. And so, friend Blackletter, you are just come from college.

QUIZ. Yes, Sir.

SIR CH. Ah, Mr. Blackletter, I once loved the name of a college, until my son proved so worthless.

QUIZ. In the name of all the literati, what do you mean? *You* fond of *books*, and not bless your stars in giving you such a son?

Sir CH. Ah, Sir, he was once a youth of promise. But do you know him?

QUIZ. What! Frederick Classic?—aye that I do—heaven be praised.

Sir CH. I tell you, Mr. Blackletter, he is wonderfully changed.

QUIZ. And a lucky change for him.—What, I suppose he was once a wild young fellow?

Sir CH. No, Sir, you dont understand me, or I *dont* you—I tell you, he neglects his studies, and is foolishly in love, for which I shall certainly cut him off with a shilling.

QUIZ. You surprise me, Sir. I must beg leave to undeceive you—you are either out of your senses, or some wicked enemy of his, has undoubtedly done him this injury. Why, Sir, he is in love I grant you, but it is only with his book—He hardly allows himself time to eat; and as for sleep—he scarcely takes two hours in the twenty-four. (aside) This is a thumper, for the dog has not looked into a book these six months, to my certain knowledge.

Sir CH. I have received a letter from farmer Downright this very day, who tells me he has received a letter from him, containing proposals for his daughter.

QUIZ. This is very strange—I left him at college as close to his book as——oh, oh—I believe I can solve this mystery—and much to your satisfaction.

Sir CH. I should be happy indeed if you could.

QUIZ. Oh, as plain as that two and three are five. 'Tis thus—an envious fellow, a rival of your son's—a fellow who has not as much sense in his whole corporation as your son has in his little finger—Yes, I heard this very fellow ordering a messenger to farmer Downright with a letter, and this is no doubt the very one. Why, Sir, your son will certainly surpass the admirable Crichton—Sir Isaac Newton will be a perfect automatum compared with him, and the sages of antiquity, if resuscitated, would hang their heads in despair.

Sir CH. Is it possible that my son is now at college, making these great improvements?

QUIZ. Aye, that he is, Sir

Sir CH. (rubbing his hands) oh! the dear fellow, the dear fellow.

QUIZ. Sir, you may turn to any part of Homer, and repeat *one* line—he will take it up, and by dint of memory, continue repeating to the end of the book.

Sir CH. Well, well, well. I find I was doing him great injustice—however, I'll make him ample amends—oh, the dear fellow, the dear

fellow, the dear fellow—he will be immortalized, and so shall *I*, for if I had not cherished the boy's genius in embryo, he would never have soared above mediocrity.

QUIZ. True, Sir.

Sir CH. I cannot but think what *superlative* pleasure I shall have, when my son has got his education.—No other man's in England shall be *comparative* with it—of that I am *positive*. Why, Sir, the moderns are such dull, plodding, senseless barbarians, that a man of learning is as hard to be found as the unicorn.

QUIZ. Tis much to be regretted, Sir, but such is the lamentable fact.

Sir CH. Even the shepherds in days of yore, spoke their mother tongue in Latin; and now *hic, hæc, hoc*, is as little understood as the language of the moon.

QUIZ. Your son, Sir, will be a phenomenon, depend upon it.

Sir CH. So much the better—so much the better. I expected soon to have been in the *vocative*, for you know you found me in the *accusative* case, and that's very near it—ha, ha, ha.

QUIZ. You have reason to be merry, Sir, I promise you.

Sir CH. I have indeed. Well I shall leave off interjections and promote an amicable conjunction with the dear fellow. Oh! we shall never think of addressing each other in plain English—no, no, we will converse in the pure classical language of the ancients.—You remember the Eclogues of Virgil, Mr. Blackletter.

QUIZ. Oh, yes, Sir, perfectly, have 'em at my finger ends. (aside) Devil a one did I ever hear of in my life.

Sir CH. How sweetly the first of them begins.

QUIZ. Very sweetly, indeed, Sir. (aside) Damn him I wish he would change the subject.

Sir CH. "*Tytere tu patulæ recubans*"—faith 'tis more musical than fifty hand organs.

QUIZ. (aside) I had rather hear a jews-harp.

Sir CH. Talking of music, tho'—the Greek is the language for that.

QUIZ. Truly is it.

Sir CH. Even the conjugations of the verbs, far excel the finest sonata of Pleyel or Handel—for instance, "*tupto, tupso, tetupha*,"—can any thing be more musical?

QUZ. Nothing—"stoop low, stoop so, stoop too far."

Sir CH. Ha, ha, ha, "stoop too far!" that's a good one.

QUIZ. (aside) Faith, *I have* stoop'd too far. All's over now, by Jupiter.

Sir CH. Ha, ha, ha, a plaguey good *pun*, Mr. Blackletter.

QUIZ. Tolerable. I am well out of that scrape, however. (aside)

Sir CH. Pray Sir, which of the classics is your favourite.

QUIZ. Why, Sir, Mr. *Frederick* Classic I think—he is so great a scholar.

Sir CH. Po, po, you dont understand me—I mean which of the Latin classics do you admire most.

QUIZ. Pox take him, what shall I say now. (aside) The *Latin* classics! oh!——really Sir, I admire them *all* so much, it is difficult to say.

Sir CH. Virgil is *my* favourite.—How very expressive is his description of the unconquerable passion of queen Dido, where he says "*hæret lateri, letalis arundo.*"—Is not that very expressive?

QUIZ. Very expressive indeed, Sir. (aside) I wish we were forty miles asunder. I shall never be able to hold out much longer at this rate.

Sir CH. And Ovid is not without his charms!

QUIZ. He is not indeed, Sir.

Sir CH. And what a dear enchanting fellow Horace is!

QUIZ. Wonderfully so.

Sir CH. Pray what think you of Xenophon?

QUIZ. Who the devil is he, I wonder? (aside) Xenophon!—oh, I think he unquestionably wrote good Latin, Sir.

Sir CH. Good *Latin*, man?—he wrote *Greek*—good *Greek*, you meant.

QUIZ. True, Sir, I did. *Latin* indeed!—I meant *Greek*—did I say Latin?—I really meant Greek—(aside) Zounds I dont know what I mean myself.

Sir CH. Oh!——Mr. Blackletter, I have been trying a long time to remember the name of one of Achilles' horses, but can't for my life, think of it—*you* doubtless can tell me.

QUIZ. O yes, his name was——but which of them do you mean?—what was he called?

Sir CH. What was he called? Why that's the very thing I wanted to know—The one I allude to was born of the Harpy Celœno—I can't for the blood of me tell it.

QUIZ. (aside) Damme if I can either, (to him) born of the Harpy—oh! his name was——(striking his forehead)—damn me if I dont forget it now——His name was,—was—was——zounds 'tis as familiar to me as my A, B, C.

Sir CH. Oh! I remember—'twas Xanthus, Xanthus—I remember now—'twas Xanthus—curse the name—that's it.

QUIZ. Egad! so 'tis. "Thankus, Thankus"—that's it—strange I could not remember it. (aside) 'Twould have been *strange* if I *had*.

Sir Ch. You seem at times a little absent, Mr. Blackletter.

Quiz. Zounds—I wish I was absent altogether.

Sir Ch. We shall not disagree about learning, Sir—I discover you are a man, not only of profound learning, but correct taste.

Quiz. I am glad you have found that out (aside) for I never should. I came here to quiz the old fellow, and he'll quiz me I fear. (to him) O, by the by, I have been so confused—I mean so confounded, Pshaw! —so much engrossed with the contemplation of the Latin classics, I had almost forgot to give you a letter from your son.

Sir Ch. Bless me, Sir, why did you delay that pleasure so long.

Quiz. I beg pardon, Sir—Here 'tis. (gives a letter.)

Sir Ch. (puts on his spectacles and reads) "To Miss Clara."

Quiz. No, no, no—that's not it—here 'tis. (takes the letter and gives another).

Sir Ch. What are you the bearer of love epistles too, Mr. Blackletter.

Quiz. (aside) What a cursed blunder. (to him) Oh no Sir—that letter is from a female cousin at a boarding-school to Miss Clara Upright—no, Downright. That's the name.

Sir Ch. Truly she writes a good masculine fist. Well, let me see what my boy has to say.

(*reads.*)

Dear Father,

"There is a famous Greek manuscript just come to light. I must "have it—The price is about £1000, send me the money by the "bearer."

Short and sweet. There's a letter for you in the true Lacedemonian style—laconic.—Well he shall have it, were it ten times as much——I should like to see this Greek manuscript—pray Sir, did you ever see it?

Quiz. I cant say I ever did, Sir. (aside) This is the only truth I have been able to edge in, yet.

Sir Ch. I'll just send to my banker's for the money—In the meantime, we will adjourn to my library—I have been much puzzled with an obscure passage in Livy—we must lay our heads together for a solution. But I am sorry you are addicted to such absence of mind at times.

Quiz. 'Tis a misfortune, Sir, but I am addicted to a greater than that at times.

Sir Ch. Ah! what's that?

Quiz. I am sometimes addicted to an absence of *body*.

Sir Ch. As how?

QUIZ. Why thus Sir. (takes up his hat and stick and walks off.)

Sir CH. Ha, ha, ha—That's an absence of *body* sure enough—an absence of body with a vengeance!—a very merry fellow this!—He will be back for the money I suppose, presently—He is at all events a very modest man, not fond of expressing his opinion—but that's a mark of merit.

THE NATURALIST, No. V.——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF NATIVE ANTIMONY IN THE U. STATES.

IF that citizen who makes a grain of wheat grow on a spot of the surface of the earth where it never grew before, deserves well of his country, no less entitled to approbation is he, who, from a part of the interior of the earth which never yielded them before, draws materials of indispensable utility for the existence, comfort and accommodation of man. The riches of the soil, or surface of our country, are well known, and well improved; but the value of that part of it which lies from twenty to five hundred feet from the surface, though doubtless immense, is, generally speaking, as little known to its proprietors as the unexplored caverns in the unfathomable abyss of the Atlantic; and as seldom thought of.

This neglect is at all times a circumstance of regret to the real patriot; but more particularly at the present extraordinary period, in which we live; when the devastations committed on our foreign commerce, by the two gigantic powers who have convulsed all Europe in their struggles for supremacy, threaten its total extermination, and force us to the alternative of curtailing our expenditures for foreign commodities, or of seeking within our own territories for those articles of necessity which, hitherto, we have been accustomed to bring from remote quarters of the globe.

I am led to these observations by reflecting on a fact, lately communicated to me by a friend, viz. that so great is the scarcity, in this country at present, of the mineral called antimony, so indispensably necessary in the manufacture of printing types, that, unless a

supply can be speedily procured from Europe, the proprietors of the type foundery in this city, the largest and most extensive in the United States, will be obliged to discharge one half, or perhaps two thirds of all their hands; and thus will a severe check be given to the present unexampled progress of arts and literature in this flourishing, peaceful and happy country, for want of a single article, which perhaps, lies at no great distance, in inexhaustible quantities, under our very feet. I confess I was less mortified to hear that the exportation of this article had been prohibited by the respective governments of France and Great Britain, than to be told, that *antimony is nowhere found native within the territory of the United States*, and that to procure it, we must submit to the most humiliating impositions. If the first of these assertions were absolutely true, that in an extent of two thousand miles by one thousand, of plains, vallies, mountains and precipices, a single mineral, so common in other parts of the earth, should be entirely wanting in this, it would be a kind of miracle in the mineralogy of our country, without a parallel in any other part of the globe.

But this is highly improbable; nay, I have no hesitation in asserting it as my opinion, that native antimony does actually exist in this country, in as great quantities, and perhaps as much purity, as in any other country whatever; and, that if proper search were made, it would most certainly be found. The facts and circumstances on which this opinion is founded, I shall, for the information of those immediately concerned, and for the encouragement of others, briefly detail.

In the winter of 1808, being in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, I was shown a mineral substance, evidently sulphurated antimony, which was said to have been found in the bed of Saco river, about twenty miles above the town of that name, in the District of Maine. A celebrated mineralogist now, or lately in this city, had been presented with specimens of the same, and directed to that part of the river where it was found; but mistaking the place for the *banks*, instead of *bed* of the river, the waters of which were at that time high; he wandered about for a whole day in the rain in search of the spot, but without success. As the river during my visit was in the same state, I had no better opportunity of examining than my predecessor; and this place remains still unexplored. The land adjoining is the property of a Mr. Nathaniel Parsons, who lives about two miles north west from York court house, in the same district of Maine. At the same time and place I was shown a piece of antimonial ore, said to have been found in the state of Vermont, by a miner of the name of Pitcher. In my way to that state I stopped at Dartmouth college, and in a conversation with Dr. Smith, professor of materia medica there, I was informed that specimens of antimony were deposited in the museum of the college, which had been

found by some labourers, a few years before, in digging the canal at Hadley; but learned, to my astonishment, that no inquiry had been made by the professor or any other person, at the time, as to the precise spot whence this substance was taken; nor, on my arrival there, could I find any person who could throw any further light on the matter than that it was said, that antimony had been dug up somewhere thereabout; and this discovery is also, like the former, still wrapt up in obscurity.

Having been credibly informed, that, some years ago, an apothecary of this city (Philadelphia) had purchased a considerable quantity of what was at that time considered to be black lead, but which, on examination afterwards, was found to be antimony, from a person who said he brought it from North Carolina; I was anxious, on approaching that state, to make some further inquiries relative to this mineral. On the evening of the 29th of January last, I took shelter from a violent snow-storm in the house of a colonel Burwell Mooring, who lives near the Roanoke, about twenty miles below Halifax. From this gentleman I received the following information. That about nine years ago he lived in Wayne county, N. C. and had on his place a mill, now called Thompson's mill, on Nohunta creek, which falls into Contentna creek, and this last into the river Neuse. That the rapidity of the water, after passing through the mill, tore a deep rut in the bank; and boys, while amusing themselves by swimming there, were in the practice of bringing up, from a depth of ten or twelve feet, large pieces of a heavy, black, glittering mineral, so like antimony, that on comparing the substance so found with some antimony they had in the house, and which the lady herself then handed to me, they could perceive no difference in their appearance. Unacquainted with the value of this discovery, no farther attention was paid to it; and to my great regret not a remnant of it had been preserved. The spot, he says, is not more than thirty feet below the mill, on the right hand going down. The present proprietor is a Mr. Zaddock Thompson, who lives on the premises. Col. Mooring added, that in Nohunta run, about a mile below the mill, great abundance of the same substance may easily be found. Such was the information I received from this respectable family. Urgent business prevented me from repairing immediately to the spot, though at a distance of forty miles; but in reply to the letter which I at that time wrote him, Mr. Thompson says, that the substance mentioned was generally supposed to be antimony; and that in an attempt to melt it, it flew off in smoke, or evaporated!

After such highly encouraging proofs, let us hear no more whining, that this valuable mineral *nowhere exists within the territory of the United States;* but let those who have skill and opportunities for mak-

ing excursions, be on the alert, and leave no stone unturned in the pursuit; for, with prophetic certainty, I could almost venture to pronounce in this, as in a much more solemn and important affair, SEEK DILIGENTLY AND YE SHALL FIND. W.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

A PROVERB *is the child of experience*, says a shrewd Italian, and experience is the guide of life, say a million of wise men; let us therefore, "sometimes court" the company of this child, and though, to the fastidious, his prattle may seem quaint enough, yet, in his most careless talk, he is such a goodly and witty infant, we may find things pleasant and profitable, simple without foolishness, and wholesome without austerity. *Editor.*

My *house*, my *house*, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the ESCURIAL.*

He is my friend who grinds at my mill.

He is the best scholar, who hath learned to live well.

When all men say you are an ass, 'tis time to bray.

Enjoy the little you have, while the fool is hunting for more.

Saying and Doing do not dine together.

Go not to your doctor for every malady, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst.

The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron.†

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* This is a Spanish saying, and *is worthy of all acceptation.* It finely depicts the comforts and dignity of *independence*, and is graphically accurate with respect to the character of *domestic* bliss; which, in the true estimate of the poet, Cowper, is the chief good below. *Editor.*

† Of all the apothegms of the lighter class, which we have ever perused this is one of the most happy. It is a pungent satire upon those coxcombs, who are captivated by mere show and outside. But, as my master Shakspeare says, let us say to every *wise* bachelor, or gallant of our acquaintance, "Let not the *creaking of shoes*, or the *rustling of silks*, betray thy poor heart to women." *Ib.*

God keep me from still water, from that which is rough I will keep myself.

June, July, August and Carthagena are the four best ports of Spain.

He who will have a *mule* without any fault, must keep none.

Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year.

There is no evil thing in Spain, but that which can speak.

The laws go on the king's errands.

Leave your son a good reputation and an employment.

Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces.

He who marries a widow will have a dead man's head often thrown into his dish.‡

If you would be pope, you must think of nothing else.

Away goes the devil, when he finds the door shut against him.

Choose your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

Experience and Wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers.

In December keep yourself warm and sleep.

He who will revenge every affront means not to live long.

A mule and a woman do best by fair means.

That which is bought cheap is the dearest.

'Tis more trouble to do ill, than to do well.

While the tall maid is stooping, the little one hath swept the house.

A covetous man makes a half penny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes sixpence of it.

Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance.

He who has a mouth of his own, should never bid another man blow.

He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, has but an ill breakfast, and a worse supper.

If folly were pain, we should hear a great outcry in every house.

Make no absolute promises, for nobody will help you to perform them.

He who hath an ill cause, let him sell it cheap.

A wise man never says, I did not think of that.

The clown was angry, and he paid dearly for it.

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‡ It would be impossible for the gravest man, either of reflection or *experience*, to refrain from a sort of *Sardonic* smile, after perusing this proverb, when he adverts to those unlucky and ungracious comparisons which females of the class alluded to, are prone to make, to the very great edification of that woful wight, their *present* partner. *Ib.*

Since you know every thing and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed of this morning.

Truths and Roses have thorns about them.

If you are vexed or angry, you will have two troubles instead of one.

There is no more faithful or pleasant friend than a good book.

He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do.

Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no one knows himself.

Fortune knocks once, at least, at every man's door.

No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour.

Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye.

'Tis true, there are many very good wives; but, they are all under ground!

Drink water like an ox; wine, like a king of Spain.

The ass bears his load; but not an overload.

He who would cheat the devil must rise early.

Make a silver bridge for a flying enemy.

He is fool enough who will bray against another ass.

The man is fire; the woman tow; and the devil comes to blow the coals.

Huge long hair, and very little brains.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PORTRAITS OF PITT AND FOX.

Written in 1801.

We recommend to the perusal of our readers the following article. It is the production of a young American, who, during a residence in London, habitually attended the House of Commons, and listened with an eager attention, to the enchanting eloquence of that celebrated assembly. We do not recollect to have seen before, according to our own conception, the peculiar powers of those "mighty rivals" so accurately discriminated, or well contrasted. If the criticism have a fault, it is, we think, in not giving to Mr. Pitt a more decided superiority. We have long entertained the opinion, very deliberatly formed, that the

younger son of Chatham was not only the wisest statesman, and most accomplished debater of his own time, but of any age or country.

Mr. Pitt still rises with an ease, composure and assurance, indicative of former influence, while the house, conscious of his presence, are disposed to give him all that attention as a member, which he once commanded as a minister; and though he is, at present, a fallen statesman, he sustains a character none the less ascendant as a man; so that his enemies are not willing to approach nigher plain Mr. Pitt, than they did the once arbiter of the kingdom.

The station which Mr. Pitt has supported so long has given his eloquence a peculiar turn, and even rendered his character ostensibly cold, hard, and bordering on dry inhumanity. The political calculator, always in search of expedients, from habit regards mankind mechanically, and sooner or later becomes impenetrable to the first dictates of nature, and sublimely overlooks every obstacle which might impede his course. Mr. Pitt's eloquence discovers a frigid, palliating, defensive, yet positive, character. It has ever been sufficient for him to maintain his ground: not to be driven from his post has been to gain the victory. At this day, he addresses the speaker as though the conflict was still between himself and his great antagonist, Fox, while Addington is forgotten, and forgets that he is minister.

Had Mr. Pitt laboured his days in the opposition, he would have discovered himself a much greater orator, and a much nobler man. Ever on the defensive, he has naturally fallen into a confined uniformity, which has seldom permitted him to take excursion beyond the tedious business of office; at the same time, the system of government, forcing the current of business to mingle itself with the sighs, tears and groans of the nation, has rendered him officially obnoxious to the people, and afforded his parliamentary enemies the fairest pretences of attack. Once, indeed, Mr. Pitt found himself on the side of humanity, and shone conspicuously among Fox, Burke, Wilberforce, and others. But, singular as it may appear, he that once found himself in a minority. I speak of the famous motion of Wilberforce, for the abolition of the slave trade.

Under these circumstances, the members of the opposition have every advantage, not only of popular respect but of humanity, and consequently of oratory; for true eloquence must be bottomed on the honest feelings of nature. But a prime minister has already closed every pore to the glow of humanity, before he ventures to open the budget. Hence, he is cut off from the most fruitful source of eloquence. No appeal to the passions, no earnest supplication, no sympathy with distress, no palpitation of the heart, render him dear to the people, and soften his exactions. He comes into the house, impelled by inexorable necessity, and boldly exposes himself to the whole artillery of the opposition, knowing the final result of the question. But all this confidence in his numbers does not suffer him to remit the severest exercise of his

own powers, in order to give, at least, plausibility to his most suspicious measures. Hence, it may be easily imagined that, before any important step is taken, the treasury bench have already been summoned to weigh every difficulty, which the opposition might possibly raise. Thus, such men as Fox, Sheridan, Grey, have the honour of being answered twice. But Fox is so various, rapid, and overwhelming, that he frequently poses the whole ministry, who, long since ripe for the question, are happy to be released by the last resort of the minister—I mean his majority.

Mr. Pitt is the most cool, perspicuous, dignified, and fluent speaker, who ever rose in a deliberative assembly. The moment he is expected, a solemn stillness pervades the house, and while his presence is felt, his adversaries lose all their influence. His manner is gentle and unassuming; his gestures, moderate and conciliatory; his voice, musical, clear, and distinct; his words, most happily selected, without the least appearance of selection, flow in an unruffled, uniform stream, always sufficiently rapid to interest, and, frequently, to command attention. With these advantages, he opens upon the house a mind veteran in politics, and as extensive as the various relations of the empire. Nor is he deficient, though sparing, of the illustrations of modern science, and the embellishments of ancient literature. With a mind thus adorned by nature, thus disciplined by art, and habitually cool and determined, no wonder he discovers, on all occasions, a reach far beyond the attainment of ordinary men. A mighty kingdom he still seems to support, nor does he sink under the weight, while the fallen statesman is yet willing to hazard his former immense responsibility. Doubtless, no mortal, in a British house of commons, could support such a weight of character, unless his preeminent abilities had first given him a necessary weight, and then that weight of character had again seconded his abilities.

Fox appears in the house of commons under the most favourable impressions, which a man ambitious of the orator can desire. He commands the awe, if not admiration of the ministry, steals into the affections of the indifferent, and carries with him the enthusiasm of his friends. How can it be otherwise? His heart is labouring and full, before he rises. Consistent from the beginning, his sincerity is never doubted, and thus is he always in possession of the foreground; and though he frequently breaks out in sudden abruptness, the beginning of his last speech for ever seems the conclusion of his former. So that his whole political life has been one connected flow of eloquence, here only a narrow stream, and there scarcely flowing at all, but on every great occasion collecting itself to a torrent, and wide rushing in a lengthened volume, now breaking over rocks and precipices, and now making its own channel through the labouring mounds, which his busy competitors had reared, sweeping all away, and, and not frequently, overwhelming his enemies, and leaving their dead bodies floating behind.

Though slovenly in his appearance, unwieldy in his person, and ungracious in his manners, though his voice is disagreeably shrill, his words frequently indistinct, and his action generally embarrassed, yet he has scarcely

begun, before you are solicitous to approach nearer the man. In the midst of passion, which sometimes agitates him until he pants high, he discovers so much gentleness of temper, and so little personal feeling, that a stranger might easily imagine he saw this man among the gods, unincumbered with any mortal affection, debating for the good of mankind. So much pure principle, natural sagacity, strong argument, noble feeling, adorned with the choicest festoons of ancient and modern literature, and all these issuing from a source, hitherto inexhaustible, never distinguished a man like this.

With these advantages of consistency, of integrity, of political sagacity, of irresistible, lengthened argument, no wonder, though he never condescends to personality, if all those over whom the influence of corruption has passed, shrink under his presence. They have nothing to fear. Fox never descends from the summit of his reputation; he feels himself in the midst of Europe, he knows he has long been a spectacle both to his own and the neighbouring nations, and, standing in the midst of Europe, he seems to hold in one hand the scroll of his past life, while his eye, accompained with a great look, pierces down to posterity in pledge of future constancy.

Pitt you are willing to hear until he is exhausted. But Fox first lays down an interesting position, fixes your earnest regard, and attaches you wholly to himself; then, by the rapidity of his utterance, hurries you on, not to immediate conviction, for he is sure the minds of all are pressing forward, and thereby he is enabled, fearless of presuming on their patience, to give a loose to his feelings, to his genius, to his learning, all which united, and mingling and assisting each other, give a force to his arguments, irresistible, and would confound all distinction between his friends and enemies, did not Pitt, at these moments, the sole support of his party, rising midst the calm and silence of the solemn impression, recal to a new conflict the dubious feelings of his majority.

Fox in one respect, will for ever be esteemed above his contemporaries. Though he has grown gray in the opposition, he has never made one personal enemy. At the end of a twenty years contention, he is still considered a man of a noble disposition, and still maintains the influence of his former days, both in the moment of debate, and with the nation at large.

EPISTOLARY.

In The Port Folio, for May, a friend to modest merit indicated for preservation, an affectionate memorial and a beautiful poem of the late sir John Honeywood. The following letter exhibits no mean proof of his sprightliness and ease in the epistolary style.

The Rev. Mr. Holmes, in his biography of the late learned president of Yale college, remarks that, during an autumnal vacation Dr. Stiles made

a tour into the states of New-York and Vermont. In this journey he met with Mr. Honeywood, who had formerly been his pupil at college; and who, as an orphan child, and a youth of fine genius, shared, among many others, the benefits of his patronage. Delighted with the society of his President and Patron, he accompanied him in the northern part of his tour, and became acquainted with his manner of travelling, of which, in a letter, he gives this characteristic sketch.

"This morning I had scarcely opened my eyes on the dawn, when my landlord informed me that the President was in town. I started up, mounted my horse, and found him eating his breakfast in a paltry inn, with as much good humour and contentment as he could have done in a palace. I shall make no apology for sending you a little history of my ride to *Bennington*, whither my dear preceptor allowed me to escort him. As this was a most delightful tour, I dare say that he has furnished you with many curious particulars; but some, which demonstrate the goodness of his heart, I am suspicious his modesty has concealed. These, like his other virtues, must be celebrated by his friends. I shall not tire your patience by a description of the bad roads. In all probability we had reached C—— without a single adventure; but, lo! when we least expected, nature presented a curiosity. The remains of a mighty tree, laid low in dust, true emblem of fallen greatness, called our attention. We alighted in a moment; found it, upon mensuration, to be upwards of four feet in diameter; and next, counting the grains, were delighted to discover that two hundred and forty years had been the years of its pilgrimage. We arrived at C—— about sunset, and, as neither the president nor I, make corporeal suppers, we sat down to a very elegant literary repast. *Heliogabalus*, that imperial epicure, who is said to have expended half a million on a meal, never had any thing to equal this.

"We determined to take in our route the place where Count Baum, of the Hessians, was defeated in 1777. Here occurred an instance of the president's humanity. At one of the houses where we called to inquire concerning the battle, a gentleman showed us several human bones, which had been picked up in the fields. The tear of pity stole into the eye of my venerable companion. 'These, Sir,' said he to the person who showed them, 'are the remains of some unhappy mortal. The desire of glory, or, perhaps, the commands of a tyrant, led him here. He is now no more. Let us forgive the enemy, and respect the man. Perhaps he has left a mother, a sister, or even a tenderer connexion, who, at this moment, is lamenting his loss. How exquisite must their feelings be, did they know that his bones lie thus neglected and unburied. For the honour of humanity, Sir, I will give your servant a reasonable compensation, if you will let him bury them

in the earth.' The man, to whom this pathetic request was addressed, seemed to feel but little, though he was very affable and obliging. I have, however, the satisfaction to assure you, that, on my return from *Bennington*, I enforced this request, and saw those mortifying remains of mortality deposited in the parent dust. That unfortunate soldier, whose bones, for nine long years, lay bleaching on the heights of *Woolomscoe*, has now as soft a bed as the ALEXANDERS, the POMPEYS, and the CÆSARS.—While I am among the tombs, let me tell you we paid a visit to the grave of the Count de BAUM, He lies buried hard by the river's brink, and a little rising of the turf alone distinguishes his grave. We were disappointed to see the grave of this great commander so wretchedly neglected, and first thought of opening a subscription for the purpose of erecting a decent stone; but being informed that his mother is living in *Germany*, the president adopted the resolution of writing to her, through the channel of Sir WILLIAM HOWE.

"The country round *Bennington* is highly romantic. In most places, we commanded an extensive horizon—long tracts of low land, variegated with young orchards, decent cottages terminated by the green mountains, the ascent of which is frequently with a slope, truly picturesque. The mountains here give us not the idea of the walls of a prison, which I have sometimes had in the Highlands, but of vast airy columns, ranged at unequal distances, to support the great vault of heaven. In one of the little drawings I send you, you will find a tolerably good view of the country, and particularly you will observe the slope of the hills, which attracted our admiration so strongly.

"The president fancied this place bore a strong resemblance to his favourite *Palestina*, and drew a beautiful comparison, in terms that were nearly poetical. I have taken the freedom of reducing his observations into verse.

"'Tis thus, he cried, as hush'd in soft repose,
On *Zion's* plains the sacred *Jordan* flows;
Thus rise his banks, with palms and willows crown'd,
Where *Salem's* virgins, to the silver sound
Of mystic cymbals, danced. On every side,
Thus *Judah's* mountains rise in airy pride.
Thus *Olivet*, where erst the INCARNATE GOD,
Retiring with his faithful followers, trod—
Whence, as in dazzling majesty he rose,
He saw the sapphire gates of heaven unclose;
Wrapt in effulgence, met th' angelic throng,
And heard their lyre awake the victor song."

FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

In his *self* Biography, a work of signal powers of enchantment, Marmontel, biassed by the fervour of friendship, has drawn a very flattering picture of Helvetius, Diderot, and company. While we admire the talents of some of those literary heroes, we deprecate the prevalence of their principles. Mr. Duters, a traveller of the *old school*, was on terms of great intimacy with the Parisian philosophers. Let us dispassionately listen to his story, which we firmly believe is a faithful testimony to the *truth*. The *heads* of most of the men of letters in France were not scantily supplied with the seeds of Genius and the stores of knowledge, how their *hearts* were governed remains for the *Great Searcher* to analyze. Editor.

In my review of the most remarkable classes of society in Paris, I did not forget the philosophers. I wished to know them intimately, and my character as an author required that I should court their support; for although their suffrage did not positively establish the reputation of literary men, it contributed much to promote or retard it, according as they were well or ill received by the philosophers. I had already known M. d'Alembert several years before my residence in Paris. He invited me to the circle which was held at the house of *his friend*, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, which was the rendezvous of all the philosophical sect, of the wits who were supported by it, and of all those who expected anything by attaching themselves to this sort of society. The graces and intellectual charms of Mlle. de l'Espinasse, a natural and easy air, the manners of the great world, which she had acquired with Madame du Deffant, and the assiduity of d'Alembert, soon made her circle celebrated. A singular conformity of birth, taste, and disposition, seemed to cement the union of these two persons. D'Alembert was the *natural* son of Madame de Tencin, sister of the Cardinal of that name, and of M. Destouches. He was *exposed as soon as he was born*, and was received by the wife of a glazier, who took care of him as if he had been her own son. M. Destouches, however, who had not lost sight of him, provided for his education, and secretly supplied the necessary means for his support. When he became celebrated for his talents and science, he was introduced into the world by the Marchioness du Deffant. M. de Tencin, who adored men of genius, wished to acknowledge him, but he refused her desire, saying that he owned no other mother than her who had taken care of his infancy. In fact, he always respected the poor glazier's wife as his mother, and continued to pay the greatest attention to her till she died. He became acquainted with de l'Espinasse at the Marchioness du Deffant's, who had taken her from the country as a companion. She was

a *natural* daughter of the Marquis du Deffant; and possessed such an agreeable disposition, that she contributed much to the pleasure of that lady's society; but having differed with her, d'Alembert espoused her quarrel; and both having taken apartments in the same house, they established an assembly of wits, which drew away a great part of those who frequented Madame du Deffant's.

This was properly the Temple in which *False* Philosophy pronounced its oracles. D'Alembert was the High Priest. Mademoiselle the Priestess, the Baron de Holbach, Diderot, Helvetius, and several others were the subalterns. There were some other houses in Paris, such as those of Madame Geoffrin, Madame Neckar, &c. where the wits of every sect and of every rank assembled: but these societies were subordinate to that just mentioned, and were regulated by its decisions. The Condorcets, Marmontels, and la Harpes, and an infinite number of subaltern wits, derived their existence and their reputation from this. Thither they went to draw their opinions and their belief, in order to diffuse them throughout those little spheres, of which they were themselves the suns. It was there that the productions of the times were examined, that patents of immortality were distributed to the Genius who showed submission to their judgments, and where the ruin of the untractable was decreed, conformably with the maxim religiously observed among them,

Et nul n'aura d'esprit, hors nous et nos amis.

Voltaire himself flattered them, and was well paid for his praise by the homage which they rendered to him. He became the Divinity to whom they burnt incense in the Temple. Never in any age or any country did any mania spread itself so quickly and so generally as the philosophical mania; and, to the disgrace of the Throne, some great Princes cringed to these fanatics and seemed to court their approbation. To merit this, it was not necessary to possess talents; it was sufficient TO LAUGH AT RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT, and to *have no regard* for *rank*, power, or *authority*. Those who were able to persecute, and did so, were placed among the number of the chosen. Madame du Deffant characterised them by the following lines,

On appelle aujourd'hui l'excessive licence *liberté;*
On pretend établir à force d'insolence *l'égalité,*
Sans concourir au bien, proner la bienfaisance se nomme *humanité.*

D'Alembert, who was short and weak, was one day confounded by the repartee of a lady of great wit. He was *warmly defending a state of nature*, in order to establish his favourite system of equality. "M.

D'Alembert," said the lady to him, "I would advise you not to be so eager for a state of nature; you would run the risk of holding but a very low rank in it."

The address and industry which these *pretended philosophers* employed in making proselytes, rendered them for some time the masters of opinion. They availed themselves of this dominion to circulate certain works in which their principles were laid down with more or less boldness according to the persons for whom they were intended. They at last went so far as to publish an Encyclopedia; which, among a number of useful things, contained an innumerable quantity of errors and gross blunders. At the same time, another sect, which was a subdivision of the Encyclopedists, sprung up; that was the *Economists*. The Duke de Choiseul called them *The Capuchins of the Encyclopedia*, a crowd of inferior writers appeared upon the scene, *sure of being well received, if they baited their work with some commonplace stuff against the most sacred and most important concerns of mankind.*

The Republic of Letters was inundated by these false coiners, who substituted copper for gold. Voltaire was placed above Racine and Corneille; La Harpe thought he might take the place of Boileau; Marmontel, with Bellisarius in his hand, presumed to occupy that of Fenelon, and Thomas imagined that of Bossuet to be due to him. By degrees, the Academy of Sciences and the French Academy *were infected by these vermin.* By dint of intrigue, D'Alembert, de l'Espinasse, and their friends, succeeded in filling the two societies with *their creatures.*

The end of all this *Philosophy* was to free the mind from the shackles of religion; and as Madame du Deffant has said, to establish equality by the aid of insolence, and to substitute licentiousness for liberty. This was to be effected under the fine name of humanity; but wo to him who was refractory to the principles of the sect. A little junto passed sentence upon him summarily; he was denounced by all the satellites; Voltaire covered him with ridicule; he was hooted, mocked, persecuted, and ruined. M. le Franc de Pompignan, a man of fashion and a respectable magistrate, as well as many others whom it would be useless to name, were instances of this. These ideas and principles became so much in vogue that no book could be published without being loaded with them. Every work which was read at the Academy with a varnish of philosophy, was sure of acquiring a fame noisy at least, though short, and was praised in all companies. Histories, which were interspersed with *philosophical* reflections against the *prejudices* of religion and government, were recommended to youth; didactic works, tragedies, comedies, fugitive pieces, all bore the stamp

of the new philosophy: it was of little consequence that the existing system of morality was overthrown; indeed that was the constant end to which all these productions were directed. The facts of history, the manners of the times, the customs of nations, were disguised to make them subservient to the principal design and to illustrate some fine philosophical maxims.

When I was at Paris, a laughable scene occurred, which is not inapplicable to this subject. M. de la Harpe had composed a tragedy upon the misfortunes of the family of Menzikow, filled with those philosophical notions of which I have been speaking. Every one, acquainted with history, knows that Menzikow was very conspicuous in Russia at the commencement of the present century. The author read his piece before several companies in Paris, at which some Russian noblemen happened by chance to be present I one day asked the count Schouvalow what he thought of M. de la Harpe. It is enough to make one die with laughing, said he. Upon my expressing my surprise that a tragedy, which was favourably spoken of should have such an effect: how can it be otherwise, replied the count, when we see an author emphatically holding forth to us, as received maxims among us, things which are directly opposite to our customs and manners; and citing, as fundamental laws of the Russian empire, principles, which are directly opposite to those which have ever been established there? Besides, even the history of the subject is entirely altered in the tragedy: the most notorious facts are disguised; the persons in it are so unlike themselves, that we, who have seen them, do not at all know them. A prince, Alexander Menzikow, is made to die in Siberia, at the age of fifteen, whom I saw alive, at the age of seventy, in St. Petersburg. As to the young princess Menzinkow, who, in the tragedy, dies at five years old, and to whom a tomb of marble, which her parents bathe with their tears, is erected in Siberia. She was at Paris only two years ago, enjoying perfect health, and was very near being at the reading of this tragedy, in which she would have been very much surprized to hear her funeral eulogy, composed by M. de la Harpe.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following short account of a celebrated traveller and poet, will be not unacceptable, I trust, to some of your readers. To the admirers of French literature I hope it will be interesting.

JOHN FRANCIS REGNARD was born at Paris, of a good family, in 1647. In infancy he evinced a strong propensity for travelling. Escaped from home, he went across the Alps to Italy, and on his return to France embarked immediately on board an English ship bound to Marseilles. This vessel was captured by two Algerine pirates, and the crew was conducted to Algiers. Regnard was an epicure, and his fondness for good cheer made him an excellent cook: he was consequently placed in the kitchen of the master who purchased him, and soon became a favourite. Regnard was not destitute of other accomplishments. There are some which ladies prize more highly than cooking. His master's mistresses were impressed by the elegance of his manners and the accomplishments of his person, with feelings too favourable towards the young slave. He listened to their passion; was discovered and imprisoned. He was condemned to be punished by the law which declares "that any Christian taken with a Mahometan lady shall expiate his crime in the flames, or become a Mussulman." The French consul, however, interfered, and by paying a considerable sum obtained his ransom. Regnard, liberated, returned to France, and took with him, as a memento of his adventure, the chain with which he had been confined.

In the year 1681 he again left France, and visited Flanders, Holland, Sweden and Denmark. The king of Sweden advised him to proceed to Lapland. Regnard embarked at Stockholm with two other French travellers, and went to Torno, a small town situated at the extremity of the gulf of Bothnia. He proceeded from the river Torno into the Frozen Ocean, and being there arrested in his progress by the ice, when he could go no further, he engraved on a stone the following verses:

"Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa; Gangem
Hansimus, Europamque oculis lastravimus omnem:
Casibus et variis acti terraque marique,
Sistimus hic, tandem nobis, ubi defuit orbis."

The following hasty translation will be of use to some of your readers.

France gave us birth; from France we strayed;
All Europe's wonders we've surveyed;
On Afric's golden sands have trod;
And quaffed from Ganges' sacred flood.

O'er stormy seas and shores unkenned,
Hither at last our course we bend.
Here ends the world, and here our travels end.

Regnard, however, had not yet finished his travels. He visited almost every town of importance in Europe. Having traversed Poland and Germany, he returned from Vienna to Paris, after an absence of three years.

He now left the city and lived in retirement about eleven leagues from Paris, employed in literary pursuits. Here he devoted himself to his studies, and produced some comedies, inferior, in the opinion of the critics to none in the French language, unless to those of Moliere. Moliere and Regnard are in French comedy what Corneille and Racine are in tragedy. Voltaire says, that "no man is worthy to read Moliere who is not delighted with Regnard."

In writing his comedies he pursued a plan preferable to all others. His vicissitudes in life had afforded him vast opportunities of observation. Every comic scene he witnessed in his travels made an indelible impression on his mind. From nature he sketched upon the spot, and finished his picture at leisure. Among the vitious and the ridiculous he sought the characters he chose to satirize, and in a vein of pleasantry seldom equalled, he exposes their defects.

His Gamester is a proof of the truth of the remark just made. He was himself a gamester, and a lucky one. It is supposed that he gained a large fortune by play. Not one of Moliere's comedies surpasses this production. Smollet's novels, in our language, are said to contain, like the plays of Regnard, many scenes which the author had actually witnessed.

The best edition of his works is one published at Paris in 1772, in 400 pages 12mo.

It contains an account of his travels in Flanders, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Lapland, Poland, and Germany. These were not intended for the press, and indeed, with the exception of the voyage to Lapland, are quite uninteresting. "La Provençale" is a short history of his voyage to Algiers, and his adventures there. Besides these the edition just mentioned contains "La Joueur," "Les Menechmes," "Democrite amoureux," "Le Distrait," "Les Folies amoureuses," "Le Retour Imprevu," "La Serenade," and "Le Legataire." The last is his best work.

Regnard died in retirement A. D. 1708, aged sixty years.

AMERICAN SCENERY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VIEW OF THE LOWER FALLS OF SOLOMON'S CREEK

IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE lower falls of Solomon's Creek are immediately below the upper, of which a sketch and accompanying description will be given in a future number of this work. Though not above a fourth the height of the latter, it possesses a placid beauty that finely contrasts with the tumult of the fall above. The chasm, through which the water pours, is filled with a mist arising from the upper fall, on which the aerial tints of the rainbow occasionally sparkle and disappear.

It is such romantic scenery—it is these picturesque and sequestered spots, that the poets have ever been accustomed to fancy, the retreats of the Loves and the Graces. The painter too has here pictured the goddess of the silver bow, accompanied by her sylvan nymphs reposing, after the fatigues of the chase, near the murmuring fountain, or bathing their limbs in the cool refreshing stream; while peeping from behind some tree or rock, the lascivious satyr has dared to prophane the sacred haunts of the chaste Diana. Such is the spot selected by Zuccarelli in his picture of Cynthia and Endymion, for the nocturnal visit to the Carian shepherd.

Sogna boschi, covili, aguati e fiere
Endimion in dolce obblio sepolto
Scendi Cintia, pudica, e il vago volto
Del Cacciator la Cacciatrice fere.

J. C.

REVIEW.

Lettres et Pensées du Maréchal Prince de Ligne, &c. Letters and Thoughts of the Marshal Prince de Ligne, published by the Baroness de Staël Holstein. Containing original Anecdotes of Joseph II, Catharine II, Frederick the Great, Rousseau, Voltaire, &c. &c, and interesting remarks on the Turks. 2 *vols.* 12*mo. Republished by Bradford & Inskeep, Philadelphia.*

THE political records of our own times have made the Marshal de Ligne advantageously known as a skilful and brave officer in the field, and as a faithful and sensible counsellor in the cabinet; while the annals of wit and gallantry have at least equally distinguished him for the charms of his conversation, the fascination of his manners, the lively brilliancy of his convivial talents, and a degree of success with the fair sex, resulting from the combination of a thousand agreeable qualities, which his person alone could never have obtained. The circumstances in which he was placed were also peculiarly favourable for the development and display of a character like that which he possessed. Educated in the Austrian court, in habits of early familiarity with Joseph and Marie Antoinette, he afterward became the favourite of Catharine the Second, and the intimate friend of the kings of Poland and Sweden. His correspondence with his royal master is conducted with a spirit of frankness which is highly honourable to both parties, while the letters addressed to her Imperial Majesty abound with loyal gallantry and dextrous compliment, rather elaborate in the composition than happy in the effect; and always betraying, through the cloud of chivalrous adoration, the consciousness of possessing stronger and more immediate claims on the partiality of Catharine, than those which are conferred by the services of a statesman, or the delicate flattery of an accomplished courtier.

Unquestionably the prince was endowed with such talents as would have qualified him to act a distinguished part in an important scene: but the times in which he flourished were not calculated to afford scope to his powers. The only historical events which these letters elucidate, are the journey of Catharine the Second to the Crimea in 1787, and the campaign in which Russia and Austria were jointly engaged against the Turks in 1788. Even of these facts, so inferior in importance to the incidents of every succeeding year, no regular details are preserved: but the anecdotes, the traits of character, the observations, and the sentiments, are worthy of the greatest attention, and cannot fail to impress every reader with respect and esteem for

the author. He is acute, sagacious, unaffected ; and he uniformly establishes the best claim to our good will by a manner full of urbanity, a liberality of thinking on every subject, and a kindness in passing judgment on others which are highly characteristic of the most amiable qualities that belong to a gentleman and a soldier.

From a work of this nature we shall not pretend to make any abstract of contents. It will be sufficient to lay before our readers a few passages of an amusing or interesting nature: but, lest we should raise their expectations too high, it may be proper to state a circumstance which must operate as a drawback to our wishes and our means, as indeed it has actually prevented us from attempting to render some portions of the marshal's letters, which are in other respects well worthy of notice. This cannot be better done than in the words of the ingenious editor, the commencement of whose preface will remind our countrymen of Lord Holland's just distinction between the oral and the written style of his illustrious kinsman. In the instance before us, the effect is considerably more unfortunate than in the application of oratorical language to history.

'We must always regret (says Madame de Stael) that we did not enjoy the company of men who were famous for their wit in conversation, since that which is quoted from them gives but an imperfect idea of it. Phrases, *bon-mots*, all that is capable of being retained and repeated, must fail to paint that continual grace, that justness in expression, that elegance in manner, which form the charm of society. The Prince de Ligne has been acknowledged by all the French as one of the most amiable men in France, and they rarely allow that character to those who are not born among them. Perhaps, indeed, he is the only foreigner who has become a model, instead of a copyist, in the French style of manners. He printed many useful and profound essays on history and the military art. He published works in verse and prose, dictated by the circumstances of his life. We constantly find wit and originality in all that proceeds from him : *but his style is often the spoken style*, if the expression may be allowed. We ought to form an idea of his handsome physiognomy, the characteristic gayety of his stories, the simplicity with which he abandons himself to pleasantry, in order to love even the negligencies of his manner of writing : but those who are not under the fascination of his presence, analyze him as an author, whom they ought rather to have heard than read : for even the faults of style occasionally add grace to conversation. That which is not always grammatically quite clear will become so by its connexion with what passes in discourse, by an expressive look, an inflection of voice, every thing, in short, which gives to the art of speaking a thousand times more resources and charms than that of writing.'

The marshal himself, when he begins to record his observations and sentiments, is sensible of this peculiarity, and enters rather more deeply into the causes of it.

'I write by inspiration rather than by reflection. There must be a great number of persons to whom I cannot appear clear, nor agreeable, nor profound. If I had all this merit, it would be only in the countries and the societies in which I have lived most, and which have learned nearly the same things that I have acquired, from a similar education, and almost the same circumstances. I am conscious that it is a great fault: for it not enough that we understand ourselves, we ought also to be understood by others.

'I have also the fault of Reubens, who introduced himself and his two wives into all his pictures: but the indulgent will tolerate me, and acknowlege—*Mutato nomine de me fabula narratur.*'

This is an error into which the most lively and agreeable persons are perhaps most likely to fall; but in the amusing volumes before us we certainly find it carried to excess. Some passages lose all their merit by being clothed in phrases which owe their point to the temporary favour that they had acquired as the slang of a fashionable *cóteric*, and others are actually insusceptible of translation. While, however, we are discussing the merits of the Prince, in a character to which he hardly deigned to aspire, he is travelling with their Imperial Majesties of Russia and Austria, and holding conversations with them on subjects so interesting and important, that we will not lose the privilege of listening. We have seldom an opportunity of joining such distinguished society, or of visiting the distant region to which a few lines will now transport us.

'I fancy myself still dreaming, when in the corner of a coach with six-seats, which is a real triumphal chariot, adorned with cyphers in precious stones, I find myself seated between two persons, on whose shoulders the heat often makes me fall asleep, and from whom, in waking, I hear these expressions: "I have thirty millions of subjects, as they say, reckoning only the males."—"I have twenty-two," replies the other, "including all."—"I ought to have an army of at least six hundred thousand men," says the first, "from Kamschatka to Riga."—"With half that number," answers the second, "I am exactly suited."

'In our carriage we pass in review all states and all great people. God knows how we treat them. "Rather than subscribe to the separation of thirteen provinces, like my brother George," said Catharine the Second, "I would have shot myself."—"and rather than dismiss myself, as my brother and brother-in-law have done, by convoking and reassembling the nation to talk of abuses, I know not what I would have done," said Joseph the Second.

'They agreed in opinion also respecting the king of Sweden, whom they did not like, and against whom the Emperor said he had taken a prejudice in Italy, on account of a robe de chambre of blue and silver with a bunch of diamonds. They allowed him energy, talent, and understanding.—"Yes certainly," I said in his defence, for the favours conferred by him on me, and the marks of a great character which I have seen him display, attached me to him, "your majesty really ought to prohibit a dreadful libel, which dares to treat as a Don Quixotte a prince of excellent qualities, amiable, and endowed with genius."

'Their Imperial Majesties sometimes felt one another's pulse in respect to those poor devils the Turks; and they threw out observations, looking at one another. As an admirer of glorious antiquity, and a little fond of novelty, I spoke of re-establishing the Greeks; and Catharine wished to give birth again to Lycurguses and Solons. For my part I spoke of Alcibiades: but Joseph the second, who attends more to the future than the past, and is more attached to substance than imagination, inquired, "What the devil must we do with Constantinople?"

'In this manner they captured several islands and provinces, without appearing to be engaged in any thing particular; and I said within myself, "Your Majesties will only capture miseries."—"We treat him too well," said the Emperor, speaking of me;" he has not sufficient respect for us. Do you know, Madame, that he was in love with one of my father's mistresses; and that he defeated me when just entering into life, in a contest for a marchioness, who was beautiful as an angel, and who was the first love of us both?"

'Here is no reserve between these two great sovereigns. They related to each other the most interesting circumstances. "Has your life never been attempted? I have been menaced.—I have received anonymous letters." Here is a confessor's tale, and delightful details unknown to the whole world, &c.'

This letter goes on, in the same familiar and entertaining strain, to describe certain instructions in the art of French poetry, given by M. de Segur to the Empress of all the Russias, and her awkward first essays at versification. Of these, and the *bouts rimés* filled up by M. de Ligne, we cannot undertake to transfuse the spirit into our untractable tongue: but we must treat the reader with the contrast, so rapidly and strongly sketched, between the savage Tartar of Caffa and the refined Parisian.

'I entered several shops and coffee-houses. Here I saw foreigners from the most distant countries: Greeks, Asiatic Turks, manufacturers of arms from Persia and Mount Caucasus. There is no real civility, said I to myself on seeing them, except among the uncivilized. Here, when persons

meet, they assume a manner full of gentleness, and more or less respectful. The language is noble, like the Greek or the Spanish; it is free from the hissing, the grossness, the drawl, and the sing, and the meanness of the European tongues. A Tartar would be greatly astonished, on arriving at the city most distinguished for urbanity and grace, to hear a coachman on the Boulevard speaking to his horses, or a lady of the corn-market talking with her neighbour at the *Place-Maubert*. What comparison between the insolence, the avarice, and the filthiness of the nations of Europe, and the plain dealing and cleanliness of this! Nothing is done here without being preceded as well as followed by libations. The libation with which the hairdressers* regale their patients is a little extraordinary: they take the head between their knees, and pour one of their fountains over it.'

Almost every page would furnish us with an amusing extract. The whole description of Potemkin's character, as exemplified during the campaign against the Turks, is highly curious: but we must confine ourselves to a single trait. The marshal is writing to his Imperial master.

'I am absolutely in this place a nurse taking care of a child; but my child is large, stout, and mutinous. Yesterday he again said to me, "Do you think you came here to lead me by the nose?" "Do you think," answered I, "that I would have come hither if I had not expected to do so? Idle and inexperienced as you are, my dear prince, what could you do better? Why refuse to confide in a man who is anxious for your glory, and for that of the two empires? You want so little of being perfect! But what can your genius do, if it is not aided by confidence and friendship?"

'The prince said to me, Persuade your emperor to cross the Save, and I will cross the Bog." "How," asked I, "can you stand upon compliments as at the door of a drawing-room! My Emperor yields precedency to you: There is a Turkish army against him: there is none against you." "Do you think," said he, "that he would give the cross of Maria Theresa to us, and accept the cross of St. George for those who should distinguish themselves in our two armies?" I saw plainly at what he was aiming. He has a *mania* for orders. He is in possession of twelve only; and I have assured him that Oczakow was well worth our great cross, and that if he would render the taking of Belgrade more easy to your Imperial Majesty, he might lay claim to the order of St. Stephen. I entreat you, Sire, to confirm this hope which I have given him; and if our *Roman-catholicity* could be

* *Barbiers de cheveaux.* The word *patiens* immediately following appears to imply, that the professions of hair-dressing and surgery are united in the Crimea, as they once were in this country. *Rev.*

deranged in his favour, so as to promise him the Fleece, he would be completely ours.'

The marshal's opinion of Catharine, Paul, and Alexander, of Russia, appears in a judicious letter to the minister of state, Kaunitz.

'God preserve our immortal Empress! But as she will be immortal only in history, I deem it highly necessary to *manage* the Grand Duke, who, in reforming millions of old, will create new abuses. Capable of labour, too frequently changing his councils and his friends, to have either a favourite, a counsellor, or a mistress, prompt, ardent and inconsequent, he will perhaps be one day formidable, if he be the person to whom his mother will leave the empire: but I believe that, if she has time to accomplish her object, she would rather leave it to the grand duke Alexander, since she removes her son from business as much as she introduces her grandson into it. Young as he is, she herself forms him to the government.'

The versatile monarch, who now fills the throne of Catharine, must surely have done the greatest violence to the early impressions received from her care; but the causes of his alienation cannot be investigated with pride or with pleasure by an English politician. The author enters largely into a discussion on the character of the unhappy Paul, which, though curious as a piece of history, and then very important as political information, no longer possesses any practical interest. Among other singular features, he ascribes to Paul a hatred of his nation, and adds, 'He once said of it to me at Gatschina such things as I cannot repeat.' Compelled to omit a thousand interesting details, and particularly the animated recital of the taking of Belgrade, we must however find room for the general character of the Turks, whom the marshal had the most favourable and repeated opportunity of studying with accuracy. How far he improved his means let the following letter testify.

'Who wishes to be acquainted with the Turks? Here they are, very different from the idea commonly formed of them. They are a people of antitheses, brave and cowardly, active and lazy, profligate and devout, refined and coarse, filthy and cleanly, keeping in the same room roses and a dead cat. If I speak of the grandees of the court, the army, and the provinces, I shall call them lofty and mean, mistrustful and ungrateful, haughty and creeping, generous and yet thieves. All these qualities, good and bad, of which the first are more numerous than the second in the bulk of the nation, depend on circumstances, and are covered with a crust of ignorance and insensibility, which prevents the poor people from being miserable.

'It is clear that, if they were not under the yoke of monsters, who strangle them in order to possess their sons, their daughters, or their

wealth, they would not be so much familiarized with customs which give them the air of barbarism.

'Their utmost effort is to smile, and to reply with the head, the eyes, the arms, and the hand, which they move with nobleness; but they scarcely ever speak. They have nothing vulgar, either in what I have had explained to me of their discourse, or in their manner. The little servant of a Janissary, though with naked legs and feet, and without a shirt, is a coxcomb after his fashion, and has an air of more superiority than the young lords of European courts. The poorest of the Turkish soldiers have no clothes to wear, but their arms of ornamented steel are covered with silver. I have seen them refuse two hundred piasters for them, fearing less to die of hunger than of shame.

'The Turks are open to the impressions of gratitude and kind treatment, and, in all the circumstances of their lives, whether in war or elsewhere, constantly keep their word, and so much the more, they have sometimes told me, because they cannot write.

'They resemble the Greeks in some points, and the Romans in many. They have the predilections of the one, and the customs of the other. Their works are charming, full of taste, and imply ideas (*supposent des idées.*) Those which they have are subtle and delicate. They have a flowing imagination in the little which they say or write. They are grave, like the Romans, and will not give themselves the trouble of laughing or dancing. Both the one and the other have buffoons. Ibrahim Nazir, whom we chased from Moldavia, had five or six handsome slaves, well dressed, and riding on horseback with him. The Turks have given me to understand that they take pleasure in seeing, when they wake, none but beautiful forms, to bring their coffee, their pipe, their aloes-wood to burn, their perfumes of amber, and their essence of roses. They laugh at us for suffering an ill-looking *frotteur**, or an old valet to come and make our fire, or open our curtains. They always recline, like the Romans, who, I doubt not, had their Divans, where they took their meals, or reposed during the whole day, like the Turks. Tunics and slippers prove that these two nations were not fond of walking. Nothing can equal the rage of cold and phlegmatic persons. The Turks, like the Romans, particularly those of the present age, set a value on revenge, and except in this particular, they are gentle. They never dispute, never quarrel. If a popular government did not always bring with it the spirit of party, intrigue, jealousy, and the crimes that follow, the Romans

* It may be proper to inform our untravelled readers, that the *frotteur* is a stout long legged man who gives lubricity to the oaken floors of the continent, by rubbing them with a hard brush impregnated with bees-wax, and attached to his naked foot, with which he daily skates over the rooms before the family is stirring. *Rev.*

would have been a good people. If the opposite extreme, the disposition of a Sultan, and of two or three great officers of the empire, did not keep them constantly alarmed, the Turks would also be the best people in the world.

'Ignorant through idleness and policy, and superstitious by habit and calculation, they are guided by a natural and happy impulse. What would become of the nations of Europe, if a *soap-merchant* were prime minister, a *gardener* high admiral, and a *lackey* the commander of armies? Where can we find people at once ready to fight on foot, on horseback, or by water, adroit in all which they undertake, and individually always intrepid? Ranks being confounded, and no person belonging to a class, all have a right to every thing, and each awaits the situation which chance may reserve for him.

'Observers, travellers, spectators! instead of making trivial reflections on the nations of Europe, which are all nearly alike, meditate on what may be found in Asia, if you wish to discover what is new, what is honourable, what is great, what is noble, and very often what is reasonable.'

The first part of this description will remind every reader of Goldsmith's celebrated portrait of the Italians, in his Traveller. Possibly the marshal may have been acquainted with that highly finished poem: if not, the coincidence affords a strong confirmation of the justice of his opinion, as to the similarity here supposed between the Turks and the Romans.

We must close our account of this interesting little work, by observing that no extracts can give a just notion of its useful and diversified information, or of the author's good sense, liveliness of observation, and unceasing powers of entertainment.

LEVITY.

THE TRUE REASON.

A GENTLEMAN called to see his friend, and was informed by the servant that his master was busy: but I must speak with him, said the visitant. Indeed, Sir, you cannot at this moment, replied the footman, for my master is *beating his lady*, and will see no company.

A DUBLIN paper contains the following paragraph. Yesterday Mr. Kenny, returning to town, fell down and broke his neck, but, happily, received no other damage.

LITERARY BILL OF MORTALITY, FOR 1809.

CASUALTIES AMONG BOOKS.

Abortive,	7,000
Stillborn,	4,000
Old Age,	000
Suddenly,	2,000
Lethargy,	5,000
Found dead,	5,000
Trunk-makers,	10,000
Pastry cooks,	do.
Sky rockets,	500
Worms,	300

CASUALTIES AMONG AUTHORS.

Broken bones,	20
Starved,	500
Fell from *garret* windows,	6
Mortification,	100
Canker,	70
Surfeit,	000

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara, In the autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(*Continued from page* 373.)

THE lingering night still hung in drowsy gloom,
Must'ring our loads we pace the darken'd room,
With tedious groping find at last the door,
And down the narrow stair our way explore;
Dull fogs and darkness o'er the country lay;
But guiding fences pointed out the way.
In cheerful chat we march'd along, till morn,
On dewy wings from eastern regions borne,

Rose on the world, and, o'er the landscape gay,
'Midst songs of joyous birds, led on the day.
Two whirring pheasants swept across our path,
And swift as lightning flew the fiery death.
A cloud of quails in rising tumult soar;
Destruction follows with resounding roar.
From bough to bough the scampering squirrels bound;
But soon, in smoky thunders, bite the ground;
Life's gushing streams, their sable furs defile,
And Duncan's stick sustains the bloody spoil.
Thus up Tioga's side we thundering steer'd,
Till Newton, glittering on its banks, appear'd;
Where opening hills, retiring, wide display,
On level plains a city rising gay;
Rang'd on the northern bank, so smooth and green,
Rich busy stores and waving signs are seen;
With crowding boats that here for freight attend,
And deeply loaded to the sea descend.
Here, when soft Spring dissolves the wastes of snows,
And wide and deep the roaring river flows,
Huge loaded *arks** rush down the boiling tide,
And winding through wild woods triumphant ride,
Hills, towering steeps and precipices high,
Rich plains and hanging rocks behind them fly;
The watchful pilot every eddy eyes,
As down the torrent's foaming course he flies;
Views, with stern look, the frightful *falls* disclose,
And down th' outrageous breakers headlong goes;
A thousand toils, a thousand dangers past,
Columbia's† harbour shelters them at last.

---

* These vessels are constructed of oak and pine plank, and built in the form of a parallelogram; they are flat-bottomed, and strongly floored; and capable of containing many thousand bushels of wheat each; sometimes droves of oxen compose part of their cargoes. On arriving at their place of destination, and the cargo disposed of, the arks are sold to the lumber dealers, and taken to pieces with little trouble.

† The town of Columbia, on the northeast bank of the Susquehanna, at Wright's ferry, ten miles from Lancaster, is the great depot for those immense stores of wheat, flour, lumber, &c. brought down the river for an extent of more than three hundred miles. The bridge, which it is in contemplation to erect over the Susquehanna near this town, will be an additional source of prosperity to this thriving and populous place.

With lingering steps the busy streets we trace,
Pleas'd with the prospect of this growing place;
Though now so gay, scarce fifteen years have flown
Since *two log huts* were all that it could own;
Since waving reeds and scrubby ground-oak grew
Where stores and taverns now arrest the view.
Around the tree where panthers lurk'd for prey,
Now evening groups of laughing children play;
And churches neat their pious crowds enclose
Where Indian fires and midnight yells arose.
So wonder-working is the hand of Toil,
When Heav'n has blest and Freedom guards the soil,
And streams so vast their powerful aid bestow
To float down plenty wheresoe'er they flow.
Now to the north, through open plains, we wind,
And leave the river's bending course behind;
And now, where level lengthening meadows spread,
Through hazel thickets rapidly we tread,
Here, when descending rain in torrents pour,
And the broad meadows float from shore to shore,
In two wide routes their waters seek the main;
Part through St. Lawrence meets the sea again,
Part to the south pursues its wandering way,
And rolls to Chesapeake's capacious Bay.*
Now dark before us gulfs of pines are seen,
That bear the name still of their Indian queen;
Great *Catharine's Swamps*, that deepening round extend,
Down whose dun glooms we awfully descend;
Around us thick the crowding pillars soar,
Surpassing all we ever view'd before,
So straight, so tall, so tow'ring, side by side,
Each, in itself, appears the forest's pride,
A thousand fleets, with twice ten thousand more,
May here find masts in everlasting store.

---

* In a *matter of fact* poem, such as this, I need hardly observe, that the above is literally true. The proprietor of part of this meadow, assured me, that with his spade he could, at pleasure, send the waters either into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or the Chesapeake Bay. A species of salmon, common to the river Susquehanna and to Lake Ontario, has been frequently known to pass from one to the other by this communication.

Here melancholy monks might moping dwell,
Nor ray of sunshine ever reach their cell
Through the dead twilight, reigning horrid here,
In holy groans their relics sad revere.
Great solitary shades! so still and deep,
Even passing sighs in hollow murmurs creep!
The silence deep, the solemn gloom profound,
The venerable piles that rise around.
Such awe impress, that, as we upward gaze,
In whispers low we murmur our amaze!
Here to the god,* whose keen voracious brood
Pursue the pilgrim ravenous for food,
With stump of pine, an altar we uprear,
And round its mouldering roots arrang'd appear;
There bread, cheese, meat, with liberal hand we laid,
And, like true priests, devour'd the offering made:
The power appeas'd, in silence soon withdrew,
And left us brac'd with vigorous life anew.
All day through this deep swamp, in splatter'd plight,
Begulf'd in mire we labour'd on till night,
When lo, emerging from the opening wood,
'Midst narrow fields a little cottage stood!
A mill hard by in clattering murmur play'd;
Before the door a rapid rivulet stray'd,
Trees round the garden bent with apples hung,
And cows and sheep their tinkling music rung.
Sacred to peace it seem'd, and calm repose,
And here, well pleas'd, our night's retreat we chose;
Approach'd the door, presenting our request,
The dame's kind looks already bade us rest;
And soon the landlord, entering with his train,
Confirm'd her kindness o'er and o'er again;
And now the table show'd its welcome head,
With cheering fare, and rural dainties spread;
Green sparkling tea, obscur'd with floating cream;
Delicious salmon from the neighbouring stream;
Nice cakes of wheaten flour, so crisp and good,
And piles of honeycombs, ambrosial food!
While in the cheerful looks of all around
A still more pleasing, grateful treat we found.

* Hunger.

Our host, intelligent, and fond of news,
Long tales of trade and politics pursues;
The State's enlarging bounds, so mighty grown,
That even the bare extent remains unknown;
Of Europe's wars, and Bonaparté's glories,
Wolves, rifles, Louisiana, whigs and tories;
Of bears and wildcats, many a tale relates,
With every circumstance of place and dates;
Till leaden sleep our weary eyes assail'd,
And spite of eloquence at length prevail'd.

The following morning, found us on the way,
Through woods of walnut trees conversing gay,
Whose limbs enormous spread sublime around,
Their huge forefathers mouldering on the ground;
The soil with leaves and showers of nuts was spread,
While millions more hung yellow overhead.
Here maples tow'r'd with little troughs below,
From whose gash'd sides nectareous juices flow;
The half-burnt logs, and stakes erected near,
Show'd that the *sugar camp* once flourish'd here.*
Ye generous woodsmen! let this bounteous tree,
Forever sacred from your axes be;
O let not mangling wounds its life destroy!
But the nice *augre* for the axe employ;
So shall these trees for ages lift their head,
And green and fresh their thickening foliage spread;
And each returning Spring their tribute pour,
More rich, and more abundant than before.

Now opening woods, in circuit wide, display,
A level vale with lawns and pastures gay,
Where music hail'd us from a numerous brood,
The lone bells jumbling through the sounding wood;
Sheep, oxen, cows, in busy parties stray'd,
While snorting steeds our passing steps survey'd;

* In passing among these stately and noble trees, which grow here in great luxuriance, it is an object of regret to observe how unmercifully their trunks are cut and gashed with the axe; many of these notches are so deep, that the trees have either been killed, or overthrown by the first storm of wind. It is well known that all this chopping is unnecessary; and that a small augre-hole is equally efficient, nowise injurious to the tree, and may be done in one tenth part of the time.

Surrounding hills this peaceful place inclose,
And form a scene of shelter'd sweet repose.*
Ah! melancholy scene, (though once so dear)
To the poor Indian haply wandering here,
Whose eye forlorn, amid the gushing flood,
Beholds the spot where once his wigwam stood,
Where warrior's huts in smoky pride were seen,
His nation's residence! his native green!
Methinks, even now, where yon red maples play,
The black-hair'd wanderer slowly bends his way,
And pensive stops, and heaves the stifled sigh,
As well-known objects meet his rueful eye;
No words escape him, but, while memory grieves,
These gloomy thoughts his burden'd heart relieves:
"O happy days! for ever, ever gone!
When these deep woods to white men were unknown;
Then the Great Spirit gave us from on high,
A plain broad path, and an unclouded sky;
Then herds of deer in every thicket lay;
Peace blest our nights, and Plenty crown'd our day;
But now, dark clouds around our nation roar,
The path is lost! we see the sun no more;
A poor lone wanderer here unhappy raves,
Return'd once more to see his father's graves;
Where all he sees bereaves his heart of rest,
And sink like poison'd arrows in his breast.
"Here stood the tree, beneath whose awful shade,
Our aged chiefs the nation's welfare weigh'd;
In these sweet woods my early days I spent,
There through the hare, the quivering arrow sent;
Or, stealing wary by that creek so clear,
Transfix'd the struggling salmon with my spear.

* This Indian town, Catharine, situated near the head of the Seneca Lake, in one of the most delightful and romantic spots imaginable, contained a great number of houses, with large orchards, and extensive cornfields. It was totally destroyed in 1779, by the troops under the command of general Sullivan, who, entering the place at night, found it nearly deserted of its inhabitants. One miserable old squaw alone remained, who, from extreme old age, was incapable of walking; and looked like "the last survivor of the former age." The general ordered a hut to be erected for her, with provisions for her subsistence; but she did not long survive the catastrophe of her nation.

Here rose our fires in many a towering flame,
When the young hunters found abundant game;
The feast, the dance, whole days and nights employ,
These hills resounding with our screams of joy.
There, on that bank our painted warriors stood,
Their keen knives redden'd with the white men's blood;
Now all is lost! and sacrilege is spread!
Curst ploughs profane the mansions of the dead;
Our warriors wander on a distant shore,
And strangers triumph where they begg'd before."
Indignant sorrow rushes on his soul,
And in wild agony his eye-balls roll;
Wrapt in his rug, the forest he regains,
A homeless exile on his native plains.
  Howe'er stern Prejudice these woes may view,
A tear to Nature's tawny sons is due;
The same false virtue and ambitious fire,
Which nations idolize, and kings admire,
Provoke the white man to the bloody strife,
And bid the Indian draw his deadly knife;
The glory ours, in victory to save,
His, still to glut with every foe the grave;
Nor age, nor sex, his country's foe avails,
So strong this passion o'er the rest prevails;
And equal woes must wring his manly heart,
From native shades for ever forc'd to part.

(*To be continued.*)

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS

TO MISS M—— A—— F——,

Singing.

ως μέλι φωνά. *Moschus.*

BY ATTICUS.

Oh sweet is thy voice, when with tremulous tone,
  Its vibrating accents in melody rise;
When angels in heaven, entranc'd on their throne,
  Look down at thee singing with sympathy's eyes.

Oh say, beauteous lady, where learnt you that song,
Which floats in soft murmurs, and dies on the gale?
To a seraph such warbling can only belong,
Imparted by Pity with suffering pale.

Thy mellow notes hush! oh that cadence forbear,
Or else by the rose that empurples thy cheek,
Thou wilt wake from my harp the sad lay of Despair,
And force me the vigils of Sorrow to keep.

VARIETY.

The following noble lines, the production of a great genius, at once a poet and a painter, deserve preservation in this miscellany. The author describes *modern* philosophy in terms that Edmund Burke would applaud, and in the note, appended to the elegant extract, the composition would by no means disgrace the orator of Beaconsfield. There is an allusion, in our author's first and second paragraph to the economical, shall we say the benevolent, schemes of Count Rumford. This, perhaps, from its illiberal cast, is unworthy of the writer, and of the beneficent nobleman whom it obliquely assails.

Philosophy, no more content to dwell
With hermit Study, whispering in his cell,
Forsakes, in speculative pride, the sage,
And walks the wildest maniac of the age.
Spell'd by her eye, where'er the spectre strays,
Insurgent shouts the maddening rabble raise,
Life raves around, through each infected brain,
Confusion reigns, and chaos comes again.
Science, that erst on eagle pinion soar'd,
Where Wisdom wonder'd, and where Faith ador'd;
To regions whence eternal truths diffus'd,
Enlighten'd man, and bless'd a world abus'd;
Now, with clipt wing, familiar flirts away,
In Fashion's cage, the parrot of the day;
The sibyl of a shrine, where fops adore,
The oracle of culinary lore.

On every side the insatiate passion spreads,
Subdues all hearts, and occupies all heads;
Rank, sex and age, possess'd beyond belief,
To Physics fly and Fuscus, for relief.
Who, like a nursing mother, at command,
With *soup* and science suckles all the land.
Lo! e'en the Fair, with learned fury fraught,
On Beauty's brow affect the frown of Thought:
To studious seeming discipline their face,
And wear the mask of meaning in grimace.
Clorinda with electric ardour glows,
And frights with full charg'd battery her beaus;
The common conquests of her eyes disdains,
And holds her slaves in scientific chains,
Each weeping Grace, her shrine, deserted, views,
And calls for vengeance on the indignant Muse;
While Cupid, trembling, flies the infected ground,
Scar'd at the philosophic scowl around.

The reader will readily believe, the author cannot mean to cast a reflection on the serious pursuits of science in general, or the regular cultivation of chemistry in particular, from which so much unequivocal advantage has resulted in almost every department of life. The labours of a Fourcroy, a Kirwan, and a Davy, must always attract our regard and gratitude; and he should regret to find himself for a moment suspected of designing to depreciate their value, or diminish their just influence—*Ludimus innocui.* He has the highest respect for the physical sciences, but he thinks they have at present more than their share in the partition of public favour; that they engross too much of the little disposable attention, the requisitions of politics and war have left us to bestow. He would only rally that exclusive preference of inanimate to animate; of matter to mind; of earth to heaven, which exists, to the utter neglect of objects more elevated, more in need of protection, and not less important in every liberal view of manners, of morals, and of national estimation. He would, in particular, venture to call in question the advantages to be derived from that rage for *scientific amusement*, which has for some time operated on all ranks and degrees. He would ask what is expected from this *new union* of fashion and philosophy, this alliance of antipathies, this treaty, offensive and defensive, between natural enemies. This seems to be the distemper of the times, which taints the whole mass of mind, and converts society into a general hospital of disordered wits and disabled faculties. It is safer not to see at all, than to see only to be deceived; as, in dense fogs, the blind are found to be the best guides. In the

darkness of ignorance, we are humble and cautious; we feel our way, step by step, and make use of old marks and established conductors, to assist our progress; but in the glimmerings of superficial knowledge, we rush on our danger, because we presume on our light; we dash against difficulties, unseen or misconceived; we mistake forms for things, and shades for substances, and are either terrified to inaction by false fears and erroneous appearances, or stimulated to rashness in the confidence of imaginary safety.

What beneficial effects can result from this superficial smattering of science, at present so prevalent? this duck and drake dip in the profound of physical erudition, which seems calculated only to devest Ignorance of her diffidence, without removing her defects; which flatters Folly and Frivolity with the semblance of Skill; and heightens Affectation by tricking her out in all the airs of Philosophy. Though the author is far from being one of those who would restrict the studies of the fair to the mere economy of the household, the productions of the tambour frame, or the precepts of Glasse's cookery: yet he confesses he has no relish for science in coteries, and professors in petticoats. He thinks the new chemical nomenclature makes an awkward addition to the vocabulary of the Loves and Graces. The very sound of oxygen and hydrogen, and caloric and carbonic, proceeding from the delicate lips of Beauty herself, operate like a chill on the heart, and a check to the ardour of admiration. It is to be feared also, that, as yet, there are no very convincing examples to prove that the fair derive much improvement in person, manners or mind, from dabbling in the crucible with the chemist, or charging a battery with the electrician. The author acknowledges that he is jealous of those favoured rivals, whom he thinks neither sufficiently sensible of their charms, nor grateful for their attentions; he has so much regard for the gentler sex, that he would spare them the pain of traversing the dry and thorny wilds of science; and seduce their graceful steps through flowery paths to the more congenial regions of Taste, and the more amusing bowers of Fancy.

But the accomplished *belle* of the present day, slights the Muses and Graces for the more alluring charms of physical phenomena; she performs, with a grave face, the farce of philosophical experiment, and terrifies her unscientific papa, with electric shocks, artificial earthquakes, and mimic thunder.

—

THAT is a very noble speech which the genius of Shakspeare causes Edward the Fourth to utter, when returning from the theatre of his conquests.

> Once more, we sit in England's royal throne,
> Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride.
Now we have swept Suspicion from her seat,
And made our footstool of Security.
Now what remains but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court.
Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour Annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

—

In the following lines, the genius of Walter Scott shines with resplendent lustre. The poet is describing the court revels of king James, and very archly hints at the coquetish character of the songstress of the party. The whole description is so strictly graphical that the poet's page would furnish a complete *examplar* to any artist of common ingenuity.

Now in gay Holyrood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew,
And, as she touch'd and tun'd them all,
Even her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view.
For, *all for heat*, was laid aside,
Her wimple, and her load untied.
And first she pitched her voice to sing,
Then *glanced her dark eye* on the king,
And then around the silent ring,
And *laughed* and *blushed*, and *oft did say*,
Her *pretty oath*, by *yea and nay;*
She *could not, would not, durst not play.*
At length, upon the harp with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum

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Critical Observations on the Poem of Mr. Joel Barlow, the Columbiad, by M. Gregoire, formerly Bishop of Blois, Senator, Member of the National Institute, &c. &c.

My Dear Friend,

I have received with gratitude, and read with interest, your magnificent work, *the Columbiad.* This monument of genius and typography will immortalize the author and give fame to the American press; this alone would be sufficient to destroy the assertion of Pauw and other writers, that there is a want of talents in America, if your country did not already offer a list of great men, who will go down with *eclat* to posterity.

When a book is published, it enters the domains of criticism; you yourself solicit it in the letter which accompanies your present; you solicit it with the frankness which is natural to you. Thus I exercise a right as well as perform a duty, not in addressing literary observations to you, but in repelling an insult to christianity, an insult on which I should be silent, if Barlow was a common writer, or his poem an inferior work, because the book and its author would soon sink together into the stream of oblivion.

Amicus usque ad aras, says an ancient. It is at the foot of the altar, that I blame certain lines in your book, and an engraving which has the following inscription, *Final destruction of prejudices.* Prejudices!—Perhaps no one desires their destruction more than myself. But what do you call by this equivocal name? and what do I perceive in the midst of the heaps in this picture, which serve for emblems? The attributes of the catholic ministry, and, above all, the standard of christianity, the cross of Jesus Christ! Are these what you call *prejudices!* If even the excellent works, which have rendered evident the truth of the gospel; if even the principles and the history of eighteen centuries did not formally contradict you, it would be easy to show that this picture is an attack against all christian societies, that it is an act of intolerance, of persecution, which offends God and man.

The unlimited freedom of religion in the United States confers on no sect a character of domination, nor any of those exclusive privileges, that are possessed in different countries of Europe by the churches of the Catholics, Greeks, Lutherans, Calvanists, &c. &c. Let us leave to the partizans of the English church the endless dispute on the prerogatives of the *established church*, on the utility of those *civil establishments* which, already shaken, will crumble, perhaps, on all sides, at no very distant epoch. Though I am by conviction, by sentiment, a

catholic, and honored with the episcopal character, after a deliberate examination, I think that if we owe to the state a guarantee of obedience when it requires it, that nevertheless these *civil* establishments, which may be in favour of errors as well as of truth, are often unjust, impolitic, dangerous in more than one respect, though Providence may draw good from them, as it does from many other evils which it tolerates.

Let every thing relating to conscience, as well as every thing that belongs to social organization, be freely discussed; truth demands examination, which despotism only can fear: this alone finds it necessary to invoke ignorance, to surround itself with darkness, to repel the light which breaks out from the researches that are directed by good faith and sagacity.

But what will be the result, if, instead of reasoning with calmness and respect on religion, the most important object for man in the course of his fugitive existence, calumny should point its sarcasms, and spread its black colors over historical facts which it misrepresents; if, instead of speaking to the understanding to enlighten it, we address ourselves to the passions to seduce? This has been the conduct which our infidel Frenchmen have followed, pluming themselves with the title of philosophers. It is important to recollect, and to recollect often, that of those who have combatted christianity, the greater part have vomited the most infamous things against decency and morality; Lamettrie, Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Diderot, Mirabeau, of the constituent assembly, P—, &c. Others have said before me, that incredulity almost always has its source in the heart, and that the antagonists of a religion, whose morality is so pure, are advocates who defend their own cause.

Almost all of them have attacked christianity by reproaching it with the abuses it has experienced, as if the abuses were the thing itself; as if, after having directed the wind on the straw, we must still blow away the grain; as if wine and iron ought to be proscribed, because there are debauchees and assassins.

In the stormy course of our revolution, the infidels held during some years, the sceptre of power; you were a witness of the use they made of it. In an instant, these champions of toleration and humanity were seen to display all the ferocity of Diocletian; to shut up, profane, and destroy our temples; to pursue the religious man even into the asylum of his thoughts; to incarcerate and transport bishops and priests. A great number of catholic pastors were dragged to the scaffold; during eighteen months I feared and expected the same fate; it is well known with what outrages I was loaded, in the midst of the national convention, for having braved the infuriated howlings of impiety; the greatest favour that was accorded us, was only to mark us out as *superstitious*,

as *fanatics*; these were the epithets in fashion. For several years we were constantly under the axe of executioners, calling themselves *philosophers*. Do you hasten to tell me they usurped this title; we are agreed. God preserve me from attributing to philosophy the crimes of brigands, who dressed themselves in her liveries. In the face even of the altar, I have justified her from crimes she abhors;* but will our infidels ever exercise good faith? Will they ever cease to reproach christianity with the abuses which she laments?

What further did they do? They travested august liberty as a bacchante; they exclaimed that no one could be at once a christian and a republican, at once a republican and a *moderate*; though thousands of examples among us, as well as among you, attested the contrary; though a holy and natural alliance establishes itself between those characters. Some pious but unenlightened men, were frightened by these clamours; believing themselves placed between liberty and religion, could they balance in their choice? It may be seen how our reformers, wishing to associate the republic with every thing that could destroy it, themselves precipitated the vessel of liberty into the abyss, at the moment it was reaching the port.

What would they have substituted for christianity? A *goddess*, and a *temple of reason*, man for God himself. They afterwards made temples *to the Supreme Being*; temples in which theophilanthropy erected her booths, till the period when the worship of the deists found its chapels deserted in France, as that of David Williams was in London.

At this period foreign nations waved among us the banners of discord; they were powerfully aided by all the enemies of the revolution, of whom a part having fled their country when it was in danger, to stir up against it the potentates of Europe, corresponded with those who remained in their homes, to kindle discord and anarchy. By a refinement of perversity, they conceived the plan of destroying the most salutary reforms, by outstretching the object, and forcing every measure; of rendering odious or ridiculous the soundest notions by exaggerating them; in fine, of revolting the people by alarming their consciences.

Who could believe it, if accumulated facts did not attest it, that two classes of men the most opposite were seen at this period, acting in concert to commit the same crimes, and to destroy religion? Pretended philosophers from hatred against it; pretended christians from hatred to every priest, who had submitted to the law requiring an oath? They would rather have seen our altars overturned, our sanctuaries profaned, and covered with filth and sacrilege, than to behold their brethren

* Discourse on the opening of the national council of 1801. p. 2.

in the same sacerdotal habits, but, faithful to their God and their country, offer the same sacrifice, and preach the same gospel. These distressing recollections will be engraved by history, they will resound in future ages; and when reason shall surmount extinguished passions, impartial posterity will decide on which side were truth, charity, and justice.

Does not your engraving appear to retrace, not as regards the manner, but the results, what our persecutors have executed? The illusory theories of impiety are falsified by the most decisive experience; which attests that morality is wavering and without support, if it does not receive it from the hands of religion; that religion is without consistence, if it is not *positive*, that is to say, founded on facts and on revelation. I conversed on this subject with your countryman, Thomas Paine. Write, said I to him, on political rights, but not on religious matters; your *Age of Reason* has discovered your incapacity; you will never be able to oppose any thing solid to the excellent refutation of your systems by a crowd of writers, above all by the learned bishop of Landaff.

Some of our *persecutors*, who styled themselves philosophers, are already thrown into the sewers of history, the rest will be, in their turn. The greater part of those who have survived vent themselves in maledictions over the tomb of Robespierre, that it may forgotten they were his accomplices, his guards, and his banditti. They would be so again, if he and his power were resuscitated. Formerly under grotesque names and cynical dress, they dishonored the cause of liberty; vile Proteuses, they have changed their language, still more than their dress. Formerly they blasphemed against christianity; bigots now, and at no time pious, limited to certain forms, certain trifling customs, neglecting in religion every thing that restrains them, perverting its august truths as their interest may dictate, and from the motives which St. Augustine has developed in so striking a manner in his *City of God*,* they call themselves christians through policy, because, according to the expression of a modern orator, *religion is necessary for the people*; and as the secret of their heart always betrays itself more by their conduct than their discourse, the sacred instrument they would pervert is broken in their hands; for among that race always frivolous and without character, that is called Frenchmen, there is not one, even to the servant girl, who, in robbing her master, does not repeat that *religion is necessary for the people*, on condition that she may be dispensed from having it herself.

* B. 4. c. 32.

Religion, necessary to every individual, is still more so to those magistrates who are the regulators of states. Fatal experience of the misfortunes occasioned by an abandonment of christianity has not yet opened our eyes. We have recourse to a palliative to cure the wounds which have been made by irreligion, and its offspring immorality; they have loosened the bonds of society to such a degree, that they menace it with decomposition, which will be common to many neighboring nations. If ever decrepid Europe makes a step towards moral order, it will be less from love of that, than from lassitude of crime; but it will be under the escort of christianity and in consequence of inevitable catastrophes. In spite of the clouds that cover the future, this epoch may be perceived, though we are unable to predict it in a precise manner, though unable to calculate its term, or its disasters.

If the bounds of this letter permitted me, I would oppose to the evils engendered by infidelity the benefits profusely spread by the christian religion; its introduction was the most vast of all revolutions, and the most beautiful, because the most useful to the human race. The cross and the gospel, in preparing us for the happiness of eternity, have civilized the world; virtue and knowledge have every where marched in their train; every region has been abandoned by virtue and knowledge which has lost christianity; those regions have returned to barbarism; witness the church of Africa, illustrious for so many learned men, and which was once one of the most brilliant portions of christendom. Witness Algiers, where you resided two years; such would be the lot which the United States would feel, if ever they should cease to be christians.

And is not this equivalent to what you propose in some lines, and by an engraving, which a disciple of the gospel repels with horror? The attributes of pure christianity are classed among the emblems of prejudices. Where are your proofs? It is in the nature of things, that what is invariably useful should be essentially true; instead of proofs, you give up to derision objects revered by many hundred millions of men, who will not believe you on your word; they will see that your antichristian sentence wants justness; that it is a consequence without premises; that, without reasoning at all, you decide that all the disciples of the gospel reason falsely.

Virtuous minds would sigh to behold calumny, impiety, and lubricity display themselves with effrontery, protected by the liberty of the press; but as we do not know where to place the limits, if we attempt to establish by law repressive measures, this evil would be counterbalanced by others, if our mouths were locked, and our pens crushed by tyranny. The press is free in your country; thus you are not repre-

hensible by the law, but condemnable at the tribunal of opinion, the supreme judge of all crimes that offend propriety and justice. Yours offends both.

It offends justice, because it is a gratuitous outrage, that resembles that of the *Jesumy* at Japan. What would you say, if the attributes of liberty, which are so dear to you, were trampled under foot before your eyes?

It offends propriety, because, in holding out as *perjudices* the emblems of the christian religion, it is saying to all those who profess it, that they are fools; this compliment addresses itself to the disciples of the gospel in every part of the globe; it addresses itself to the estimable descendants of those catholics, who, flying from British persecution, established in Maryland a state belonging to your confederation; it addresses itself to the venerable Carroll, bishop of Baltimore; you trample on the attributes of his pastoral character. In France, it is true, the nonconformists outrage in this way episcopacy in the person of those pastors, who, faithful to the voice of their consciences, have committed *the unpardonable crime* of submitting to the laws of their country; this is a sad example to cite, not a model to imitate. Your presbyterian countrymen will perhaps ask, if you have abjured the principles that you professed when you were the chaplain of a regiment in the war of independence.

If to believe in the gospel be a prejudice, permit us to partake of it with the feeble minds of Addison, Abbadie, Arburthnot, Bacon, Berkeley, Barrow, Beattie, Bentley, Boerhaave, Bonnet, Boyle, Blackstone, Clarke, Cullen, Doddridge, Ditton, Forbes, Fothergill, Ferguson, Grotius, Gray, Hervey, Hanway, Hartley, Harrington, Hyde, Haller, Jones, Johnson, Locke, Lardner, Leibnitz, Lyttleton, De Luc, Milton, Newton, Puffendorf, Paley, Prior, Pringle, Priestley, Price, Ray, Rabener, Roustan, Robertson, Sherlock, Spenser, Steele, Thomson, Wolfe, Washington, Usher, Woodward, Young, &c. and with those madmen, worthy of pity, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, la Bruyère, Copernicus, Corneille, D'Aguesseau, Descartes, Despréaux, Fènèlon, Galileo, Gassendi, Houbigant, Mallebranche, Massillon, Nicole, Pope, Pascal, Racine, Winslow, Winkelman, &c. all sincere catholics; but to speak seriously, it is pleasant to lose ourselves in such a brilliant company.

I must add, that in wishing to undeceive us in regard to what you call *prejudices*, you err in the choice of means; for conviction can only be the effect of reasoning; man cannot detach his affection from the object most dear to him, unless the motives that support it are destroyed. But if injuries that revolt are substituted for arguments that convince, we are sure to strengthen the adhesion to principles which

are rooted in the mind and the heart. If to convert a mussulman, instead of proving to him that Mahomet was an imposter, I should commence by placing before his eyes a picture, in which the Koran and the Crescent were trampled under foot, his heart, embittered, would cloud his understanding, and prevent all access to my attempts. Apply these reflections to the true religion, and see if you have not failed entirely in a deplorable design.

Persecution, my dear Barlow, does not consist only in exiling, incarcerating, and assassinating men; Julian invented more cunning, and not less cruel vexations. They have been refined among us at the end of the eighteenth century, in harassing and lacerating the catholics without cessation, by repeated invectives, by a multitude of those little means, whose application was continual torture; impious verses, songs, epigrams, caricatures, every thing was made use of. You are very different from such men; but why resemble them in any thing? Your engraving is an offence against the freedom of religion; a sort of persecution which your heart disavows; reflection will bring on regret. Believe me, my friend, that these injured catholics will not make use of reprisals; true piety opens her bosom to erring brethren, without opening it to error; to enlighten them, she places the torch of truth in the hand of charity. Having but a moment to exist in this world, we should love our fellow men, be benevolent towards all whatever may be their religion, their colour, or their country. Jesus Christ has given us both precept and example in their turn; he displayed alternately firmness and goodness towards the Pharisees; his parable of the Samaritan is a perpetual judgment against persecutors.

If you should say further, that France offers examples worthy of condemnation, and that previous to censuring an American, my zeal should be exercised to convert my countrymen; far from weakening the objection, I would fortify it. I would say that, in a country where so many truths have returned to their wells, we see printed and circulated freely the obscene poetry of a member of the national institute, and the rhapsodies of romance writers, who serve up afresh impieties so many times refuted. I would say too, that without respect to the first body of the state, which ought to give an example of decency, immorality is authorised, by peopling the garden of the palace with licentious statues, to such a degree that virtuous mothers dare not conduct their children thither.

You see that I am far from avoiding objections; but by my disapprobation of an offence, in which I have no share, and against which my colleague, Lanjuinais, protested vainly in full senate, though with the general assent of the senators, I have reserved to myself the right of telling you, that to recriminate is not to answer; and that what

might be alleged as an example to follow, cannot be but as an abuse to reform. Gorani observes that the licentiousness of painting and sculpture had exercised a disastrous influence over Italy; that the master pieces of the arts had drawn away sound minds from useful and necessary studies, had depraved their manners, enervated their courage, and fomented the most hateful vices.* When public shame is extinct, do not expect to preserve the private virtues; and when religion is publicly insulted, it is a wound to morality, a national calamity.

Many times I have repented having employed so many efforts to defend the arts and those who cultivate them against Vandalism; not that those arts which are called *fine*, and which are not always *good*, are bad in their very nature; but, almost always, they are flatterers and corruptors, which, by an inconceivable fatality, precede, bring on, escort, and follow depravation. Even in his time the illustrious Gerson† complained of it, to whom France owes a monument, and whom she has almost forgotten; he was grieved to see scandalous pictures, and a libidinous work, the *Romance of the Rose*, exposed to the eyes of youth. At the moment I am writing, we are menaced with a new edition of it.

What will be the fruit of my remonstrance? You are not one of those men who are afraid to acknowledge that you are wrong. A man is always honoured in doing an act of reparation. I appeal to your loyalty, to your delicacy; this is to put you at strife with yourself.

My soul is oppressed in finding cause of blame in a man in whom I see so much to praise. Your character is not degraded by meanness, like that of the greater part of your brethren the poets; you have not prostituted your talents to adulation; do not tarnish them by incredulity, nor by a sort of persecution. Placed at the summit of the American Parnassus, a creditor of glory, you have sung in beautiful verses that liberty you defended with your arms; you came to render her homage at the bar of the national convention, where, as president, I answered in a manner that accorded with the principles you proclaimed. Our hearts were in unison.

The true foundation of political liberty is in the gospel, for it perpetually reminds men, that, having all proceeded from the same stock, they compose only one family; that there exists among them, not a *species of relationship*, as has been said in a well known work, but a real consanguinity, whose bond is indistructible. The gospel unceas-

* See the preface to the *Memoires secrets et critiques des cours des gouvernans, des moeurs des principaux etats de l'Italie*, by Gorani. Paris 1793.

† Vide his works, edit. Dupin. v. ii. p. 291, &c.

ingly inculcates on men a spirit of charity and fraternal sentiments. The christian religion would be perverted and disguised, if it were subordinate to the caprices of rulers and the passions; but well understood and rightly practised, it is the most certain guarantee of the purity of public and private manners. Under its wings, my friend, your state of society was raised, and consolidated, and the domestic virtues hereditarily transmitted; it is to that, without doubt, that you owe, among other advantages, that of having a wife gifted with so many rare qualities and inestimable virtues. Ingratitude alone could mistake the benefits of this august and divine religion; it would be like despising the bosom of our mother.

I have discharged, my dear Barlow, a very painful task in censuring, without human respect, what in your poem, offends christianity. The work being public, I give the same publicity to my remonstrance; thus satisfying what is prescribed to me by my principles, my situation, my conscience, and my invariable friendship.

H. GREGOIRE,
Former Bishop of Blois, senator, &c.

PARIS, *15th March*, 1809.

Letter to Henry Gregoire, bishop, senator, compte of the empire and member of the institute of France, in reply to his letter on the Columbiad. By Joel Barlow, L. L. D. Fellow of the American Philosophical Society, and several other learned institutions.

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter, at once complimentary and critical on the poem I sent you. Our venerable friend archbishop Carroll informs me that he has likewise received from you a copy of the same letter; and he has expressed to me in conversation, with the same frankness that you have done in writing, his displeasure at the engraving which has offended you.

While I assure you that I sincerely mingle my regrets with yours and with his on this subject, permit me, my excellent Gregoire, to accompany them with a few observations that I owe to the cause of truth and

to my own blameless character. Yes, my friend, I appeal to yourself, to our intimate intercourse of near twenty years, when I repeat this claim of character. It cannot be denied me in any country; and your letter itself, with all its expostulating severity, is a proof of the sentiment in you which justifies my appeal.

The engraving in question is gone forth, and unfortunately cannot be recalled. If I had less delicacy than I really have towards you and the other catholic christians whom you consider as insulted by the prostration of their emblems which you therein discover, I might content myself with stating, what is the fact, that this engraving and the picture from which it was taken were made in England while I was in America; and that I knew nothing of its composition till it was sent over to me not only engraved, but printed and prepared for publication. My portion therefore in the crime, if it is a crime, is only the act of what our lawyers term an accomplice after the fact. But my affectionate regard for an offended brother will not suffer me to meet his complaint with so short an answer. I must discuss the subject, and reply to the whole charge as though it were all my own; premising, as I have already done, that I am sorry there is occasion for it, and regret that the engraving was ever made.

How much our religious opinions depend on the place of our birth! Had you and I been born in the same place, there is no doubt but we should have been of the same religion. Had that place been Constantinople we must have been musselmen. But now the musselmen call us infidels; we pity their weakness and call them infidels in our turn. I was born in a place where catholic christians are not known but by report; and the discipline of our sect taught us to consider them, not indeed as infidels, but as a species of idolaters. It was believed by us, though erroneously, that they worshipped images. We now find that they employed them only as instruments of worship, not as the object. But there is no wonder that to the vulgar apprehension of our people it should appear as we were taught to believe; and that those nations who bow the knee before these emblems of deity, and address their prayers to them, should be considered as really worshipping them. This idea was perhaps corroborated by their prayers being uttered in an unknown tongue.

The decalogue of Moses had inspired us with an abhorrence for images, and for those who bow down to them and worship them; and hence arose our unhappy aversion to the catholics. We were told that their churches were full of pictures, statues and other visible representations, not only of the blessed virgin, of all the apostles and many of the saints, but of every person in the holy trinity. Our fathers had protested against that great section of the christian family which calls

itself the mother church, not merely on account of the sale of indulgences, against which Luther had led the revolt, but likewise on account of its making these pretended images of the inimageable God.

The sect of puritans, in which I was born and educated, and to which I still adhere for the same reason that you adhere to the catholics, a conviction that they are right, were the class of reformers, who placed themselves at the greatest remove from the mother church, and retained the least respect for her emblems and the other ceremonials of her worship. They could suffer no bishops, no mitres, crosiers, crucifixes or censers. They made no processions, carried no lighted candles through the streets at noon day; neither did they leave them burning in their churches through the night, when no human eye was there to see them; having entirely lost sight of this part of the institutions of Zoroaster, Isis, and Ceres. They would not allow their prayers to be written in any language, not even in Latin, though they did not understand it. But they chose to utter their supplications extempore, like their other discourses, to communicate their own ideas, to express their wants and offer their confessions directly to the invisible God; through a mediator indeed, but without holding him in their hand, or having him fixed in effigy on a cross before their eyes. They had no organs in their churches, no instrumental music in their worship, which they held to be always profane.

These people made use of no cross but the mystical one of mortifying their sins; and if they had been called upon to join in a crusade to the Holy Land, they must have marched without a standard. They would have fought indeed with as much bravery as saint Louis or the lion Richard; but when they had reconquered the tomb of Christ, they would have trampled on the cross with as fervent a zeal as they would upon the crescent. They were not conversant with what we call the fine arts; they spoke to the ear, but not to the eye; and having no reverence for images or emblems, they despised those that had, though they were doubtless wrong in so doing.

I mention these things, my worthy friend, not with the least idea of levity or evasion; but to prove to you how totally you have mistaken my meaning and my motive; to show by what chain of circumstances, mostly foreign to our own merits or demerits, our habits of opinion, our cast of character are formed; to show how natural it is that a man of my origin and education, my course of study and the views I must have taken of the morals of nations, their causes and tendencies, should attribute much of the active errors that afflict the human race to the use of emblems, and to the fatal facility with which they are mistaken for realities by the great vulgar of mankind; how the best of christians of one sect may consider the christian emblems of another sect, as *pre-*

judices of a dangerous tendency, and honestly wish to see them destroyed; and all this without the least hostility to their fundamental doctrines, or suspicion of giving offence.

I never supposed that those Hollanders who, to obtain leave to carry on commerce in Japan, trampled on the cross, as a proof that they did not belong to the same nation with the Portuguese who had done so much mischief in that island, really meant to renounce their religion as christians, when they trod upon its catholic emblem. The act might be reprehensible, as being done for lucre; but it must appear extremely different in the eyes of different sects of christians. To a catholic, who identifies the cross with the gospel, our only hope of salvation, it must appear a horrid crime; but to a protestant we may easily conceive it might appear of little moment, and by no means as a renunciation of the gospel.

You have now furnished in your own person an additional example, and a most striking one, of identifying the symbol with the substance. In your letter to me, you treat the cross and the gospel as the same thing. Had I been sufficiently aware of the force of that habit of combination among the catholics, especially in a mind of those acute perceptions and strong sensibilities which I know to belong to yours, I should surely have suppressed the engraving.

You must perceive by this time, that you have mistaken my principles and feelings in another point of view. You suppose I should be greatly offended "to see the symbols of liberty, so dear to me, trampled under foot before my eyes." Not at all my friend. Leave to me and my country the great realities of liberty, and I freely give you up its emblems. There was no time in the American revolution, though I was then young and enthusiastic, when you might not have cut down every liberty pole and burnt all the red caps in the United States, and I would have looked on with tranquillity, perhaps have thanked you for your trouble. My habits of feeling and reasoning, already accounted for, had accustomed me to regard these trappings rather as detrimental than advantageous to the cause they are meant to support. These images we never greatly multiplied in this country. I have seen more liberty caps at one sitting of the jacobin club in Paris, than were ever seen in all America.

You will say perhaps that it is the difference of national character which makes the distinction. This is doubtless true; but what has been the cause of this difference in the character of our two nations? Has not the universal use of emblems in one, and the almost universal disuse of them in the other, had as great if not a greater effect than all other causes, in producing such difference? I do not say that our national character is better than yours; far from it. I speak frankly, I

think you undervalue the French character. I have a high esteem for that nation. They are an amiable, intelligent, generous, hospitable, unsuspicious people. I say nothing of their government, whether regal, revolutionary or imperial. In private friendship they are as disinterested and unshaken, at least as any people I have seen. Of this I could cite numerous examples, both within my own experience and that of others; though it would establish my position in my own mind if I were able to mention none but you.

It would indeed be paying too high a compliment to any nation on earth to cite Gregoire as a sample of its moral and social character. If all catholics had been like you, the world at this day would all be catholics. And I may say, I hope without offence, that if all pagans had been like you, the world had all been pagans, there might have been no need of catholics, no pretext for the sect of puritans.

This is an amicable discussion between you and me. The suavity of your manner does honor to the fortitude with which you defend your principles; though it is not easy to perceive against what opponent you are defending them. Your letter expatiates in a wide field and embraces many subjects. But really, my friend, the greater part of it has nothing more to do with me than one of Cicero's letters to Atticus. You begin by supposing that I have renounced christianity myself, and that I attempt to overturn the system by ridicule and insult. Neither of which is true; for neither of which have you the least colour of proof. No, my honest accuser, the proof is not in the book. Review the work with all the acumen of your discernment, and you must, you will recal the hasty accusation. I defy you and all the critics of the English language to point out a passage, if taken in its natural, unavoidable meaning, which militates against the genuine principles, practice, faith and hope of the christian system, as inculcated in the gospels and explained by the apostles whose writings accompany the gospels in the volume of the New Testament.

On the contrary, I believe, and you have compelled me on this occasion to express my belief, that the Columbiad, taken in all its parts of text and notes and preface, is more favourable to sound and rigid morals, more friendly to virtue, more clear and unequivocal in pointing out the road to national dignity and individual happiness, more energetic in its denunciations of tyranny and oppression in every shape, injustice and wickedness in all their forms, and consequently more consonant to what you acknowledge to be the spirit of the gospel, than all the writings of all that list of christian authors of the three last ages, whom you have cited as the glory of christendom, and strung them on the alphabet from Addison down to Winkelman. Understand me right, my just and generous friend; I judge not my poem as a work

of genius. I cannot judge it, nor class it, nor compare it in that respect, because it is my own. But I *know* it as a moral work; I *can* judge and *dare* pronounce upon its tendency, its beneficial effect upon every candid mind; and I am confident you will yet join me in opinion. But let me repeat my prayer that you will not mistake the spirit of this observation. It is not from vanity that I speak; my book is not a work of genius; the maxims in it are not my own; they are yours, they are those of good men that have gone before us both; they are drawn from the gospel, from history, from the unlettered volume of moral nature, from the experience and the inexperience of unhappy man in his various struggles after happiness; from all his errors and all his objects in the social state. My only merit lies in putting them together with fidelity. My work is only a transcript of the tablet of my mind imprest with these images as they pass before it.

You will see that I have nothing to do with the unbelievers who have attacked the christian system either before the French revolution, or during or since that monumental period. I am not one of them. You say I resemble them not in any thing else; you will now add that I resemble them not in this.

So far as you have discovered a cause of the failure of that revolution in the renunciation of the christian faith by those who held, in stormy quick succession, the reins of your government, I thank you for the discovery. I was in want of more causes than I had yet perceived, to account for the unhappy catastrophe of that gigantic struggle of all the virtues against all the vices that political society has known. You have discovered a cause; but there is such a thing in logic as the cause of a cause. I have thought, but perhaps it is an error, that the reason why the minds of the French people took the turn they did, on the breaking out of the revolution, was to be found in the complicated ceremonials of their worship, and what you yourself would term the nonessentials of their religion.

The reasonable limits of a letter will not allow me to do justice to this idea. To give it the proper development would require five times the volume that I shall give to the present communication. The innumerable varieties of pomp and circumstance which the discipline of the church had inculcated and enjoined, became so incorporated with the vital principles of faith and practice; and these exteriors were overloaded with abuses to such a degree, that to discriminate and take them down, without injuring the system, required a nicer eye than the people can possess, a steadier hand than can comport with the hurried movement of a great revolution.

The scaffolding of your church, permit me to say it, had so enclosed, perforated, overlooked and underpropt the building, that we could not

be surprised, though sorely grieved, to see the reformer lay his hand, like a blind Sampson, to the great substantial pillars, heave and overturn the whole encumbered edifice together, and bury himself in the ruins. Why did they make a goddess of reason? Why erect a statue of liberty? a mass of dead matter for a living energetic principle! Have the courage, my good friend, to answer these questions. You know it was for the same cause that the people of Moses made their golden calf. The calf Apis had from time immemorial become a god in Egypt. The people were in the habit of seeing their divine protector in that substantial boval form, with two horns, four legs and a tail; and this habit was so interwoven in the texture of their mind as to become a part of the intellectual man. The privations incident to a whole moving nation subjected them to many calamities. No human hand could relieve them; they felt a necessity of seeking aid from a supernatural agent, but no satisfaction in praying to an invisible God. They had never thought of such a being; and they could not bring themselves at once to the habit of forming conceptions of him with sufficient clearness and confidence to make him an object of adoration, to which they could address their supplications in the day of great affliction.

Forty years of migration were judged necessary to suppress the habit of using idols in their worship; during which time their continual marches would render it at once inconvenient for the people to move their heavy gods, and to conceal them in their baggage; while the severity of military discipline must expose their tents and their effects to the frequent inspection of their officers.

Shall I apply this principle to the French nation in her revolution? No, my friend, it is too delicate a task for a foreigner who has received her hospitality; I will leave it to your own compassionate and philanthropic mind. You will recollect how often I partook of your grief during that scene of moral degradation. No sooner did you and the other virtuous leaders in the revolution begin to speak of *august* liberty, *holy* reason and the *divine* rights of man, than the artizans took up the hammer, the chissel and the plaister of Paris. They must reduce these gods to form before they could present them to the people with any chance of their being understood; they must create before they could adore. Trace this principle through five years of your history, and you will find why the catholic religion was overturned, morality laid asleep, and the object of the revolution irretrievably lost, as least for our day.

My dear Gregoire, I am glad you have written me this letter, though at first it gave me pain. I was sorry to find myself so entirely misconceived by a friend so highly valued; but I see your attack is easily repelled, a thing which I know will give you pleasure, and it furnishes me an occasion at the same time to render a piece of justice

to myself in relation to my fellow citizens. You must know I have enemies in this country. Not personal ones; I never had a personal enemy, to my knowledge, in any country. But they are political enemies, the enemies of republican liberty, and a few of their followers who never read my writings; that is my writings that I wrote, but only those that I did not write; such as were forged and published for me in my absence; many of which I never have seen, and some of which I did not hear of till ten years after they had been printed in the American gazettes.

It has even been said and published by these christian editors, (I never heard of it till lately) that I went to the bar of your convention, when it was the fashion so to do, and made a solemn recantation of my christian faith, declaring myself an atheist or deist, or some other anti-christian apostate; I know not what, for I never yet have seen the piece. Now, as an active member of that convention, a steady attendant at their sittings, and my most intimate friend, you know that such a thing could not be done without your knowledge; you know therefore that it was not done; you know I never went but once to the bar of that convention, which was on the occasion to which you allude in the letter now before me, to present an address from the constitutional society in London, of which I was a member. You know I always sympathised in your grief and partook of all your resentment while such horrors and blasphemies were passing, of which these typographical cannibals of reputation have made me a participant.

These calumnies you see could not be refuted by me while I did not know of their existence. But there is another reason which you will not conceive of till I inform you. The editors of newspapers, you know, ought to be considered as exercising a sacred function; they are the high priests of public opinion, which is the high court of character, the guardian of public morals. Now I am ashamed to inform you that there are editors in this country who will publish the grossest calumny against a citizen, and refuse to publish its refutation. This is an immorality unknown in France since the death of Marat.

A private letter of mine, written from Paris, was mutilated in this country, made to say things that I never wrote nor thought, and published in all our anti-republican papers. I saw it a year after the date and immediately wrote an explanatory letter, which re-established my first intention. This last I then published in Paris, London and Philadelphia. Not one editor who printed the original mutilated letter has, to this day, printed my answer; though it was published in all those places ten years ago. And perhaps not one person in twenty who read the first has ever seen the second, or yet knows of its existence, except these editors who refused to publish it.

You must not suppose from this statement of facts that I am angry with these people. On the contrary, I pity and forgive them. And there is no great merit in this, for they are not my enemies. They only do the work they are set about by their patrons and supporters, the monarchists of America. Their object is not to injure me, but to destroy the effect of my republican writings.

They now publish your letter with great avidity because they think it will tend to decry my poem. It may have this effect in a small degree; but I still thank them for multiplying your publication. There is no work of yours that I do not wish to see universally read in America; and I hope soon to find in our language and in the hands of all our readers your last very curious and interesting treatise *de la literature des negres*. It is a work of indefatigable research, and brings to light many facts unknown in this country; where the cause of humanity is most interested in propagating that species of knowledge. I hope the manuscript copy of Mr. Warden's translation is not lost; or if it is, that he will be able to furnish our booksellers with another.

If I had renounced christianity, as your letter seems to suppose, that letter and my reflections on your life and conversation would certainly bring me back. For you judge me right when you say I am not ashamed to own myself possibly in the wrong; or in other words to confess myself a man. The gospel has surely done great good in the world; and if, as you imagine, I am indebted in any measure to that for the many excellent qualities of my wife, I owe it much indeed.

I must now terminate my letter; or I shall be obliged to turn from you to the public, with an apology for making it so long; since I must offer it to the public in my country, and trust to your sense of justice to do the same in yours and in your language, in order to give it a chance of meeting your letter in the hands of all its readers. If, thus united, they serve no other purpose, they will be at least a short lived monument of our friendship, and furnish one example of the calmness and candor with which a dispute may be conducted, even on the subject of religion.

Your affectionate friend,

JOEL BARLOW.

KALORAMA, 13*th Sept.* 1809.

*** The author of the preceding letter requests those editors of public journals, who have published Gregoire's letter, to insert the answer as soon as possible. It is an act of justice due to him, and to the character of their journals, as well as to the author.